The SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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THE KIRK YARD.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY KATHERINE KINGSTON FILER.

Oh, the tombs in the kirk-yard gray,
All lichen-grown, and lichen-grown,
With Time and Death stamped on each stone—
The letters hid 'neath moss and dust,
And the iron urn a-rust.

Over there in the kirk-yard gray,
All is quiet, calm and quiet;
Only wraithful winds hold riot,
And the mavis sings the long night through,
'Neath moon and mist and dew.

Oh, the years that slumber there!
The grasses grow, and grasses grow,
The eglantine is all aglow,
And in the paths the violets bloom
With a purplish, sleepy gloom.

Many rest in the kirk-yard gray,
'Neath sun and moon, and moon and sun,
Sleeping, since all toil is done,
With tired hands so sweetly folden,
While the years wax dim and olden.

STRONGHAND;

A ROMANCE OF THE PRAIRIES.

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD,

AUTHOR OF "PRAIRIE FLOWER," "QUEEN OF THE SAVANNAH," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

THE PAPAZOS.

We will now return to Stronghand and Jose Paredes, whom we have left too long at the top of the hill. The night passed without any incident, the majordomo sleeping like a man overcome by fatigue; as for the hunter, he awoke early. The sun had risen for a long time; it was nearly nine o'clock, but the hunter, forgetting apparently what he had said to his comrade, did not dream of departure. Jose Paredes slept on. It was a magnificent day; the sky, swept by the night hurricane, was cloudless; the sun darted down its glowing beams; and yet the atmosphere, tempered by the storm, retained an agreeable freshness. The water was disappearing with a rapidity almost equalling that it had displayed in rising, being drunk by the thirsty sand or by the hot sunbeams; the plain had lost its lacustrine appearance; and all led to the supposition that by midday the ground would be firm enough to be ventured on in safety.

As the canoe was unnecessary, the hunter did not try to get it down from the tree; with his back leant against the larch tree, his hands folded, and his head bowed on his chest, he was thinking, and at times taking an anxious glance at his sleeping comrade. At length the majordomo turned, stretched out his arms and legs, opened his eyes, and gave a formidable yawn.

"*Caramba!*" he said, as he measured the height of the sun; "I fancy I have forgotten myself; it must be very late."

"Ten o'clock," the hunter answered, with a smile.

"Ten o'clock!" Jose exclaimed, as he leaped up; "and you have let me idle thus instead of waking me."

"You slept so soundly, my friend, that I had not the courage to do so."

"Hum!" Paredes replied, half-laughing, half-vexed; "I know not whether I ought to complain or thank you for this weakness, for we have lost precious time."

"Not at all; see, the water has disappeared; the ground is growing firm again, and when the great heat of the day is spent, we will mount our horses and catch up in a few hours the time you are regretting."

"That is true, and you are right, comrade," said the majordomo, as he looked around with the practised glance of a man accustomed to a desert life. "Well, as it is so," he added, with a laugh, "suppose we breakfast—for that will enable us to kill some time."

"Very good," the hunter replied, good humoredly. They breakfasted as they had supped, on the previous night. When the hour for starting at length arrived, they saddled their horses and led them down the hill; for the ascent which they had escaladed so actively by night, under the impulse of the pressing danger that threatened them, now proved extremely steep, abrupt, and difficult. When they mounted, Stronghand said—

"My friend, I am going to take you to an *atepetl* of the red-skin. Do you consider that disagreeable?"

"Not personally, but I will ask what advantage my master can derive from it?"

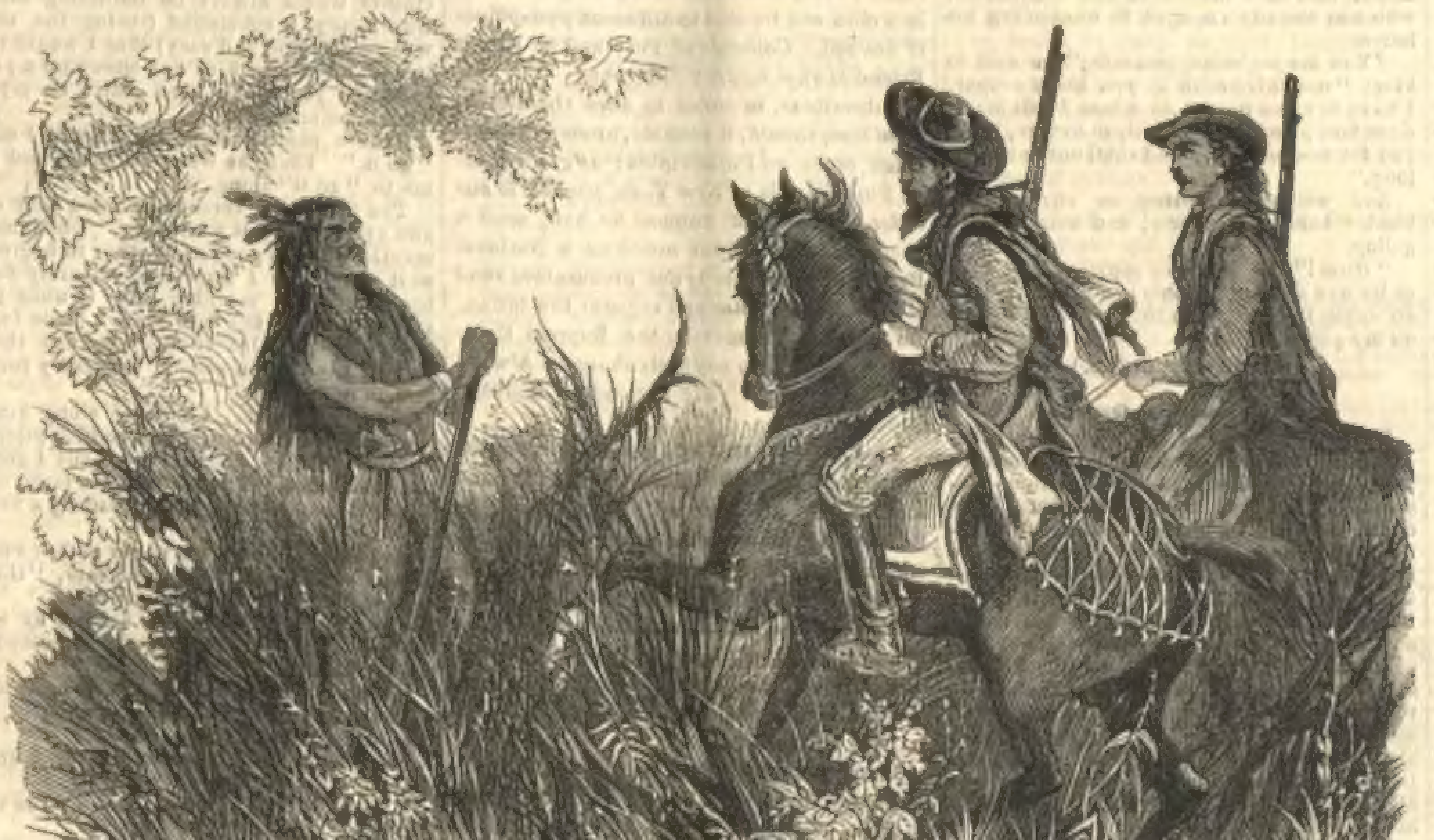
"That question I am unable to answer at the moment. You must know, though, that we are taking this step on your master's behalf—and that his affairs, instead of suffering by it, will be greatly benefitted."

"Let us go, then. One word, however, first. Are the red-skins, to whom we are proceeding, a long distance off."

"It would be almost a journey for any person but us."

"Hum!" said Paredes."

"But you and I," the hunter continued, "who are true guides, and who have also the advantage of being well mounted, will reach the village at three or four o'clock to-morrow afternoon at the latest."


SUDDEN APPEARANCE OF SPARROW HAWK.

"In that case it is not very distant."

"I told you so."

"And in what direction is the village?"

"You must have often heard it spoken of, if chance has never led your footsteps hither."

"Why so?"

"Because it is only a dozen leagues at the most from the Hacienda del Toro."

"Wait a minute," the majordomo said, frowning like a man who is collecting his thoughts; "you are right—I have never been to that village, it is true, but I have often heard it spoken of. Is not one of the chiefs a white man?"

The hunter blushed slightly.

"So people say," he answered.

"Is it not strange," the majordomo continued, "that a white man should consent to abandon entirely the society of his fellows to live with savages?"

"Why so?"

"Hang it! because the Indians are devoid of reason, as everybody knows."

The hunter gave his companion a glance of indefinable meaning, slightly shrugged his shoulders, but made no reply; probably from the reason that he had too much to say, and considered the majordomo's rather heavy mind incapable of appreciating it. The day passed without any occurrences to interrupt the monotony of their ride, which they continued with great speed till night, only stopping from time to time to shoot a few birds for supper. Galloping, talking, and smoking, they at length reached the spot where they intended to bivouac. The road they had followed in no way resembled the one the majordomo had taken on leaving the hacienda, although they were returning in the direction of Arispe. This resulted from the fact that Paredes had kept in the regular road, while this time the two men rode Indian fashion, that is to say, straight ahead, without troubling themselves about roads. They galloped on as the bird flies, crossing mountains and swimming rivers whenever they came to them, without losing time in seeking a ford.

This mode of travelling, generally adopted by the woodrangers of the savannah, where the only roads are tracks made by the wild beasts, would not be possible in civilized countries, where there are so many towns and villages; but in Mexico, especially on the Indian border, towns are excessively rare: by riding in this way distances are marvellously shortened and a considerable tract is covered between two sunrises. This is what happened to the two adventurers; for in one day they went a greater distance than Paredes had done in eight and forty hours, though he was well mounted. At night they camped in a wood beyond the Hacienda del Toro, which building they saw rising gloomy and tranquil like an eagle's nest on the top of its rock, and they passed close to it during the afternoon.

The country assumed a wilder and more abrupt aspect; the grass was thicker, the trees were larger, older, and closer together; it was evident that the travellers were at the extreme limit of civilization, and would soon find themselves in the Red territory, although nominally, at least on the maps, this territory figured among the possessions of the Mexican Confederation.

The two men, after lighting their watch-fire, supped with good appetite, rolled themselves in their zarapes, and fell asleep, trusting to the instinct of their horses to warn them of the approach of any enemy, whether man or wild beast, that attempted to surprise them during their slumbers. But nothing disturbed them; the night was quiet; at sunrise they awoke, mounted, and continued their journey, which would only take a few hours longer.

"I am mistaken," the hunter said suddenly, turning to his companion.

"How so?" the latter asked.

"Because," Stronghand replied, "I told you yesterday we should not reach the *atepetl* till the afternoon."

"Well?"

"We shall be there by eleven o'clock."

"*Caramba!* That is famous news."

"When we have crossed that hill we shall see the village a short distance ahead of us, picturesquely grouped on the side of another hill, and running into the plain, where the last houses are built on the banks of a pretty little stream, whose white and limpid waters serve as a natural rampart."

"Tell me, comrade, what do you think of the reception that will be offered us?"

"The Papazos are hospitable."

"I do not doubt it; unluckily, I have no claims to the kindness of the red-skins. Moreover, I know that they are very suspicious, and never like to see white men enter their villages."

"That depends on the way in which white men try to enter them."

"There is another reason which, I confess, supplies me with reason for grave thought."

"What is it?"

"It is said—mark me, I do not assert it—"

"All right; go on."

"It is said that the Papazos are excited, and on the point of revolting, if they have not done so already."

"They rose in insurrection some days ago," Stronghand coolly answered.

"What?" the majordomo exclaimed, greatly startled, "and you are leading me to them?"

"Why not?"

"Because we shall be massacred, that's all."

The hunter shrugged his shoulders.

"You are mad."

"I am mad—I am mad!" Paredes repeated, shaking his head very dubiously; "it pleases you to say that, but I am not at all desirous, if I can avoid it, of thus placing myself in the power of men who must be my enemies."

"I repeat that nothing will happen to you. *Viva Dios!* do you fancy me capable of leading you into a snare?"

"No; on my honor that is not my thought; but you may be mistaken, and credit these savages with feelings they do not possess."

"I am certain of what I assert. Not only have you nothing to fear, but you will have an honorable reception."

"Honorable?" the majordomo remarked, with an air of incredulity; "I am not very certain of that."

"You shall see. Woe to the man who dared to hurt a hair of your head while you are in my company."

"Who are you, to speak thus?"

"A hunter, nothing else; but I am a friend of the Papazos, and adopted son of one of their tribes; and every man, though he were the mortal enemy of the nation, must for my sake, be received as a brother by the sachems and warriors."

"Well, be it so," the majordomo muttered, in the tone of a man forced in his last entrenchments, and who resolves to make up his mind.

"Besides," the hunter added, "any hesitation would now be useless and perhaps dangerous."

"Why so?"

"Because the Indians have their scouts scattered through the woods and over the plain already; they saw and signalled our approach long ago, and if we attempted to turn back, it would justly appear suspicious; and then we should suddenly see Indians rise all round us, and be immediately made prisoners, before we even thought of defending ourselves."

"*Demonio!* that makes the matter singular, comrade; then you believe we have been seen already?"

"Would you like to have a proof on the spot?" the hunter asked, laughingly.

"Well, I should not mind, for I should then know what I have to expect."

"Well, I will give you the proof."

The travellers had reached the foot of the hill, and were at this moment concealed by the tall grass that surrounded them. Stronghand stopped his horse, and imitated the cry of the mawkawis twice. Almost immediately the grass parted, an Indian bounded from a thick clump of trees with the lightness of an antelope, and stopped two yards from the hunter, on whom he fixed his black, intelligent eyes, without saying a word. The apparition of the Red-skin was so sudden, his arrival so unexpected, that, in spite of himself, the majordomo could not restrain a start of surprise.

This Indian was a man of three and twenty years of age at the most, whose exquisite proportions made him resemble a statue of Florentine bronze; the whole upper part of his body was naked: his unloosened hair hung in disorder over his shoulders; his clothing merely consisted of trowsers sewn with horsehair, fastened round the loins by a belt of tanned leather, and tied at the ankles. A tomahawk and a scalping knife—weapons which the Indians never lay aside—hung from his belt, and he leant with careless grace upon a long rifle of American manufacture. The hunter bowed, and after stretching out his arm, with the palm turned down and the fingers straight, said in a gentle voice—"Wah! the Wacondah protects me, since the first person I see, on returning to my people, is Sparrow Hawk."

The young Indian bowed in his turn with the native courtesy characteristic of the Red-skin, and replied in a guttural voice, which, however, was very gentle—"For a long time the sachems have been informed of the coming of the Great Bear of their Nation; they thought that only one chief was worthy saluting Stronghand on his return. Sparrow Hawk is happy that he was chosen by them."

"I thank the sachems of my nation," the hunter said, with a meaning glance at the majordomo, "for having designed to do me so signal an honor. Will my son return to the village with us, or will he precede us?"

"Sparrow Hawk will go ahead, in order that the guest of Stronghand, my father, may be received with the honors due to a man who comes in the company of the Great Bear."

"Good! my brother will act as becomes a chief. Stronghand will not detain him longer."

The young Indian bowed his head in assent, leapt backwards, and disappeared in the thicket whence he had emerged, with such rapidity, that if the grass had not continued to undulate after his departure, his apparition would have seemed like a dream.

"We can now start again," the hunter said to the majordomo, who was utterly confounded.

"Let us go!" the latter answered, mechanically.

"Well," answered Stronghand, "do you now believe that you have anything to fear among the Papazos?"

"Excuse me; as you said, I was a madman to fear it."

They crossed the plain, following a wild-beast track, which, after numberless windings, reached a ford, and in about an hour they arrived at the bank of the river. Twelve Papazo Indians, dressed in their war-paint and mounted on magnificent horses, were standing motionless and in single file in front of the ford. So soon as they perceived the two travellers, they uttered loud shouts and dashed forward to meet them, firing their guns, brandishing their weapons, and waving their white female buffalo robes—which, by-the-by, only the most renowned sachems of the nation have the right to wear. The two white men, on their side spurred their horses, responding to the shouts of the Indians, and firing their guns. All at once, at a signal from one of the chiefs, all the horsemen stopped, and arranged themselves round the travellers, to act as an escort. The whole party crossed the ford and entered the village, amid the deafening shouts of the women and children, with which were inharmoniously blended the bark of dogs, the hoarse notes of the shells, and the shrill sounds of the *chichikoues*.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE ATEPETL.

Many persons imagine that all Indians are alike, and that the men acquainted with the manners of one tribe knows them all. This is a serious error, which it is important to dissipate. Among the Indians, properly so called—that is to say, the aborigines of America—will be found as many differences in language, dialect, &c., as among the nations of the Old Continent, if not more. The number of dialects spoken by the Indians is infinite; the manners of one nation form a complete contrast with those of another living only a few leagues away; and any person who, after travelling for some time in the Far West, asserted that he was thoroughly acquainted with the character of the Indians and their mode of life, would be quite deceived; and more serious still, would deceive those whom he pretended to instruct.

The Indians are divided into two great families: the cultivating Indians—that is to say, those who are sedentary and attached to the soil they till; and hunter or nomadic Indians, who have a great resemblance to the Touaricks of Africa and the Tartars of Asia. The hunting Indians, known as *Indios Bravos*, inhabit leathern huts, easy of transport from one place to another, and only remain stationary so long as the country supplies them with the necessary forage for their horses, and the game indispensable for the men. The tame Indians, or *Indios Mansos*, on the other hand, are permanently established at a carefully-selected spot; they have built actual houses, in which they shelter themselves and keep their winter provisions. These Indians though they follow the customs of their fathers, recognise the Mexican laws, obey them ostensibly, are apparent Christians, though they secretly practice all the rites of their old faith; and their chief assumes the title of Alcalde. In a word, they are nearly as much civilised as the majority of the creoles.

The confederation of the Papazos was composed of several nations, combining both Indios Mansos and Indios Braves. The latter, though harmless, and consequently nomadic, had, in the heart of unexplored forests or the gorges of the Sierra Madre, their winter villages—a collection of huts made of branches, and covered with mud, where, in the event of war, their squaws found refuge, and which served them, after an expedition, to hide the plunder they had made.

The Gilenos, whose powerful nation was composed of one hundred and eighteen distinct tribes, each of which had its private totem or standard, formed the principal branch of the Confederation of the Papazos. The Gilenos are essentially agricultural. At a period which it would be impossible to state with certainty, because the Indians do not write anything down, but trust to tradition, the Comanche nation, which proudly calls itself the "Queen of the Prairies," and asserts, perhaps justly, that it is descended in a straight line from the Chichimeques, the first conquerors of Mexico, was divided into two parts after a council held by the chiefs, for the sake of terminating a dispute that threatened to degenerate into a civil war. One half the nation continued to wander in the immense prairies of the Far West, and retained the name of Comanche. The other tribes settled on the banks of the Rio Gila, gave up hunting for agriculture, while retaining their independence, and only nominally obeying the Spaniards and Mexicans. Eventually they received the name of Gilenos, from the river on whose banks they originally settled. But, although separated, the two divisions of the Comanche nations continued to maintain friendly relations, recognized each other as springing from the same stem, and helping one another whenever circumstances demanded it.

The Gilenos piously preserved the faith of their fathers, maintained their customs; among others that of never drinking spirituous liquors; and never permitted the Mexican Government to establish among them that system of annoyance and rapine under which it mercilessly bows the other Indian mansos. The Gileno villages are distinguished from all the others by their singular construction, which admirably displays the character of this people. We will attempt to convey an idea of them to the reader.

Stronghand had pointed out to the majordomo clusters of storied houses, suspended as it were from the flank of the hill. But these houses were only built temporarily, and in case of an attack on the village would be immediately destroyed. The hill, doubtless in consequence of one of those natural convulsions so common in these regions, was separated into two parts by a quebrada of enormous depth, which served as the bed of an impetuous torrent. On either side of this quebrada the Indians had built an enormous construction, of pyramidal shape, upwards of two hundred and fifty feet in height. These two towers contained the lodgings of the inhabitants, their granaries and storehouses. More than eight hundred beings, men, women, and children, resided in these singular buildings, which were connected together at the top by a bridge of llianas, boldly thrown across the abyss. These towers could only be entered by a ladder, which was drawn up each night; for as a last and essential precaution, the doors were sixty feet from the ground, in order to guard against surprise.

Nothing could be more curious or picturesque than the appearance offered at a distance by this strange village, with its two massive towers, having ladders for stairs, up and down which people were constantly moving. A few days previously, for greater safety, and to guard the village from a surprise, the chiefs had a trench dug, and a palisade erected, composed of stakes fastened together by llianas. The Indians had taken this precaution to prevent their horses, on which they especially calculated for the success of the meditated expedition, being carried off by surprise, as so frequently happens on the border.

The travellers were conducted with great ceremony by the chiefs, who had come to receive them at the entrance of the village, to the square, on one side of which stood the "Ark of the First Man;" on the other, "The Great Medicine Lodge, or Council Hut." During the ride the majordomo fancied he saw among the crowd several individuals belonging to the white race, and mentioned it to his comrade.

"You are not mistaken," the latter replied; "several Mexicans reside in the village and trade with the Indians; but that must not surprise you, for you are aware that the Gilenos are mansos. Stay, here is a monk."

In fact, at this moment a stout, rubicund monk crossed the square, distributing blessings right and left, of which the Indians seemed to take but little notice.

"These worthy Frayles," the hunter continued, "lead here a rather monastic life, but in spite of the trouble they take, they cannot succeed in making proselytes. The Comanches are too attached to their religion to accept another; still, as they are too savage to be intolerant," he added, ironically, "they allow these poor monks entire liberty, on the express condition that they do not interfere with them. They have even permitted them to build a chapel, a very poor and simple edifice, in which a few passing adventurers offer up their prayers; for the inhabitants of the village never set foot in it."

"I will go to it," said Paredes.

"And you will act rightly. However, I will do this justice to the four monks who, through a love of proselytism, have confined themselves to this forgotten nook, of stating that they bear an excellent reputation, do all the good they can, and are generally beloved and respected by the population. This praise is the more valuable, because the Mexican clergy do not enjoy a great reputation for sanctity."

"But now that war is declared, what will become of these monks?"

"What do you think? They will remain peacefully, without fearing insult or annoyance. However savage the Indians may be, they are not so savage, be assured, as to make the innocent suffer for the crimes of the guilty."

"Forgive me, Stronghand, if I remark that I notice, with sorrow, in your mode of expressing yourself, a certain bitterness which seems to me unjust. The secret sympathies of an honest man ought not, in any case, to render him partial."

"I allow that I am wrong, my friend. When you know me better, you will be indulgent, I doubt not, to this bitterness which I frequently unconsciously display in my language. But here we are at the square, and other more urgent matters claim all our attention."

The plaza, which the travellers now reached, formed a parallelogram, and rose with a gentle ascent to the foot of the tower on the left of the village. In front of the council-lodge stood three men, whom it was easy to recognize as the principal chiefs of the village by their hats of raccoon skin, surrounded by a gold golilla, and the silver-mounted cane which they held in their right hand.

The procession halted before the alcaldes, or, to use the Indian term, the sachems. The latter were men of a ripe age, with a haughty and imposing mien. The eldest of them, who stood in the centre, had in his look and the expression of his features something indescribably majestic. He appeared about sixty years of age; a long white beard fell in snowy flakes on his chest; his tall form, his broad forehead, his black eyes, and his slightly aquiline nose, rendered him a very remarkable man. He did not wear the Indian costume, but that adopted by the hunters and woodrangers; a blue cotton shirt, fastened round his hips by a leather girdle, which held his arms and ammunition, wide *calzoneras* of deer-hide buckled below the knee, and heavy boots, whose heels were armed with formidable spurs, the wheel of which was as large as a saucer.

In conclusion, the personage we have attempted to describe did not belong to the Indian race, as could be seen at the first glance; but in addition, the fine, elegant, nervous type of the pure Spanish race could be noticed in him. The majordomo could not check a start of surprise at the sight of this man, whose presence seemed to him incomprehensible at such a place and among such people. He leant over to Stronghand, and asked him, in a low voice, choked by involuntary emotion,—"Who is that man?"

"You can see," the hunter replied, drily, "he is the Alcalde Mayor of the pueblo. But silence! the persons surrounding us are surprised to see us conversing in whispers."

Paredes held his tongue, though his eyes were obstinately fixed on the man to whom the hunter had ironically given the title of Alcalde Mayor. A little to the rear of the chiefs, a warrior was holding a totem of the tribe, representing a condor, the sacred bird of the Incas. A crowd of Indians of both sexes, nearly all armed, filled the square, and pressed forward to witness a scene which was not without a certain grandeur. So soon as the procession halted, Sparrow Hawk dismounted and walked up to the sachems.

"Fathers of my nation," he said, "the Great Bear of our tribe has returned, bringing with him a pale-face, his friend."

"He is welcome," the three chiefs answered, unanimously, "as well as his friend, whoever he may be; so long as he pleases to remain among us he will be regarded as a brother."

The hunter then advanced, and bowed respectfully to the sachems.

"Thanks for myself and friend," he said; "the journey we have made was long, and we are worn with fatigue. May we be permitted to take a few hours' rest?"

The Indians were astonished to hear the hunter, a man of iron power, whose reputation for vigor was well established among them, speak of the fatigue he felt. But understanding that he had secret reasons for asking this, no one made a remark.

"Stronghand and his friend are at liberty to proceed to the calli prepared for them," one of the chiefs answered: "Sparrow Hawk will guide them."

The two adventurers bowed respectfully, and, preceded by Sparrow Hawk, passed through the crowd, which opened before them, and proceeded to the calli appointed for them. So soon as the travellers reached the calli, Sparrow Hawk retired, after whispering a few words in the ear of the hunter. The latter replied by a sign of assent, and then turned to the majordomo, who was already engaged in unsaddling his horse.

"You are at home, comrade," he said to him; "use this house as you think proper. I have to see a person to whom I will introduce you presently. I will, therefore, leave you for the present, but I shall not be absent long."

And without awaiting an answer, the hunter turned his horse, and started at a gallop.

"Hum!" the Mexican muttered, as soon as he was alone, "all this is not clear; did I do wrong in trusting to this man? I will be on my guard."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Conscientious Quaker.

David Davis, one of the early citizens of Lewiston, Maine, now gone to his reward, was a most excellent Quaker—a man of unspotted integrity. Some time before his death he went to his son-in-law, A. Wakefield, Esq., and said to him: "I hear there's a pasture for sale (naming it) for one hundred dollars, and I believe I'll buy it." He bought it, but told the owner it was worth one hundred and twenty-five dollars, and paid the owner that sum for it. Shortly after, the person of whom Mr. D. bought the pasture wanted a loan of forty dollars, and Mr. Davis granted him the loan, taking his note for that sum. Before long, Mr. Davis was taken ill, and feeling that it was his last illness, he called Mr. Wakefield to his bedside and said to him:

"I have a note for forty dollars against Mr. A., and I want thee, after I am gone, to destroy it."

Mr. W. wondering and asking an explanation, he said:

"Thee knows I bought that pasture of Mr. A., and I didn't pay him as much as it was worth, and I don't feel that he ought to pay me that note."

"But," said Mr. W., "you paid him all and more than he asked for the land."

"Yes," said Mr. Davis, "that is true, but it makes no difference—it's worth forty dollars more than I paid him, and I want that note destroyed."

Shortly after Mr. Davis passed away, and Mr. Wakefield, in the performance of his duty as administrator, looking up the deceased's effects, came upon this note. It was a good note for forty dollars; but, in accordance with the good old Quaker's dying request, he threw it into the fire.

Not long afterwards Mr. A., of whom the pasture was bought, called on Mr. Wakefield.

"You've got something against me, haven't you?"

"What is it for?" said Mr. W.

"I gave a note to Mr. Davis for forty dollars, money borrowed of him, and I want to pay it."

"I have no such note," said Mr. W.

"But his estate certainly holds such a note against me."

"I can't help it; we've none now."

Very soon Mr. Wakefield explained the mystery, and tears rolled down the astonished man's face as he learned that the note had been burned—a witness to the wonderful conscientiousness and integrity of the sure-footed Quaker, one of the worthy first settlers of Lewiston. Such men will do for any age—the more the better.

BEFORE the surrender of Paris many persons were arrested every day on suspicion that they were in communication with the enemy. Foreigners were regarded with black looks, and every one who did not hate the Germans was suspected of being in the pay of Bismarck. An English gentleman was suddenly requested, on one occasion, to accompany two National Guards to the nearest commissary. On inquiring the reason he was told that a woman had heard him speak German. He replied that he was English. "Z-a ve sall soon see," said one of his captors. "I spek Anglish like an Anglishman; address to me the vord in Anglish." The prisoner politely replied that the gentleman spoke English with so perfect an accent that he thought he must be a fellow-countryman. This compliment so disarmed the Guards that they released him.

NAPOLEON'S MENTAL DISCIPLINE.—"Different affairs are arranged in my head," said Napoleon, "as in drawers. When I wish to interrupt one train of thought, I close the drawer which contains that subject, and open that which contains another. They do not mix together, and do not fatigue me or inconvenience me. I have never been kept awake by an involuntary preoccupation of the mind. If I wish repose, I shut up all the drawers, and I am asleep. I have always slept when I wanted rest, and almost at will."

☞ The Kansas City Bulletin honors the rule that when *you do* lie, you shouldn't half do it, by getting off the following bouncer: "A Missouri farmer wrote to Horace Greeley to know if silk culture could be made profitable in Missouri. The veteran agriculturist of the Tribune thought it could. The same farmer also inquired as to the probable profit of raising broom-corn in the state. Mr. Greeley felt assured that it would be profitable—but advised his correspondent to raise the plain-handled variety of brooms, inasmuch as they were a more hardy variety than those with red and blue rings around the handles."

☞ Drugged cigars are used by polite pickpockets on Eastern railway trains.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, Feb. 25, 1871.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $6.00; Five copies (and one extra) $8.00; Eight copies (and one extra) $12.00. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

☞ *Club subscribers* who wish the Premium Engraving must send *one dollar extra*. To those who are not subscribers we will furnish it for *two dollars*.

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Subscribers, in order to save themselves from loss, should, if possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send a check payable to our order on a National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes and register the letter. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Always be sure to name your Post-office, County, and State.

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Samples of THE POST will be sent for 5 cents—of the Lady's Friend for 10 cents. Samples of both will be sent *free* to those desirous of getting up clubs.

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BACK NUMBERS.

We have still a fair supply of the back numbers which contain the whole of Leonie's Mystery, and a large amount of other interesting reading—being admirable entertainment for the long winter evenings. A great chance for new subscribers.

☞ In answer to M. E. C., of Morristown, N. J., we would say that we have no reason to doubt that Zell's Encyclopedia is an excellent and very useful work.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE HERALD OF HEALTH FOR FEBRUARY. Contains "Alcoholic Stimulants as Affecting Mentality," "Habits of Study," "Studies in Hygiene," and other good articles. Published by Wood & Holbrook, 13 and 15 Laight street, New York.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC WORLD FOR JANUARY. An illustrated monthly, devoted to photography. Edited by EDWARD WILSON. Published by Benerman & Wilson, Philada.

THE SEALED PACKET. A Novel. By T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE, author of "Garstang Grange," etc. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

THE TRANSATLANTIC. The March number of this magazine contains its usual excellent assortment of articles from the English periodicals. For sale by W. B. Turner, 808 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

FOREIGN NEWS.

BORDEAUX, Feb. 17.—At to-day's session of the National Assembly, a resolution was introduced proposing Thiers for Chief Executive, with authority to nominate a Ministry, but providing that the power of the Republic shall be exercised under the control of the Assembly. The resolution bears the signature of Dufaure, De Malville, Vite, and Saint Hilaire.

A majority of the Assembly are favorable to the proposal to appoint Thiers Chief of Executive Power. The military force posted outside the Assembly chamber was doubled to-day. M. Grevy has assumed the Presidency. All the elections in the Department of the Seine were confirmed.

The Fashions.

Eye-glasses, where they are not necessary, and are worn only for style, are to be discarded. It seems that the weaker sex find them inconvenient when they wish to turn up their nose at anything, for if they are not a tight fit they drop off, and in picking them up the expression of scorn is lost.

Heels are coming down a little, too, and though at the present nothing but the high Polish boot is worn, I am informed by a celebrated manufacturer that a low shoe, with strap and buckle over the instep, will be regulation style next summer, and will be known as the "Eugenie." Pretty enough, but I cannot see the appropriateness of the name unless it is expected that somebody will "put their foot in it."

☞ Queen Victoria has been enlightening her subjects upon the proper pronunciation of the Princess Helena's name. It should not be pronounced Hele-na, with the accent on the second e, but Hel-ena with the accent on the l. As Shakespeare says:—

"My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena!"

☞ A babe was smothered to death in a sleigh, in Westmoreland county recently, it having been wrapped up too carefully and placed under the robe in the lap of its mother.

A Life Insurance Canvasser.

"You know Grubbs, General Agent of the Adorable Life Insurance Company, don't you?" inquired Green Jones.

No? You missed a stunner then.

He came along here about a year ago now.

Tongue glib? Well, it was. Ran as easy as an empty hand-sled in winter. Even made me believe I was gifted as a life insurance agent.

The way he told it, not a single man had taken hold of the Adorable, for the last hundred and fifty years, and made less than five thousand a year and expenses.

One agent had cleared $156,000 in eight years.

Another had laid aside $125,000 in six years. Another still (peculiar case that was, though—man particularly adapted to the work). He built up such a business in the short space of five years, that he actually overshadowed the company. They had to force him out as a measure of self-protection. Averaged twenty thousand dollars a year clear of all expenses while he was in, and the company paid him $192,000 in a lump for his renewals, besides, when he went out.

Well, I didn't care much about being such an agent as that—the Internal Revenue officers would always be bothering me so. But finally I concluded (seeing the thing was so common and easy) that I would turn in and make eight or ten thousand a year, for eight years, and then retire on my renewal commissions.

Grubbs posted me up till he said I could "go it." Then he went on home and left me to "go it" alone.

The town was strange to me a year ago, and every one in it a stranger. One locality seemed just as good as another to begin in, as it were. So I sauntered leisurely down the street the morning after Grubbs left, and swung into the first store I came to. I wasn't going to let anybody see but that I had all the self-possession necessary for my branch of business.

Nobody in sight. I lounged along among the boxes, and brooms, and codfish piles, in a sort of cheeky, familiar way, till I got to the back office. There I found a large middle-aged man, sitting alone, reading a newspaper.

He looked up over his paper rather suspiciously as I entered. Then he said, "Good-morning!" coolly and dubiously.

I was very intent on my errand by that time—so intent that I wholly neglected to answer him.

I hauled out my rate-book and opened it. The paper was laid aside ominously, his gaze still riveted on me.

With hand kind of trembling and knees shaking a little I began:

"Mister, did you ever consider the subject of—"

I didn't finish that sentence, for down slatted a two-dollar and a half pair of spectacles. Up bounced two hundred pounds of well-developed bone and sinew. Around the room, agile as a French dancing-master, it went hopping. Like a wild bull in a slaughter yard it roared:

"The d—l and Cæsar? Six life insurance agents, and it ain't nine o'clock yet." [Here I began to crawfish]. "I won't stand it another minute. Here, Tige! sick 'm!"

There was a sudden, convulsive scratching of toe-nails at the further end of a big safe that stood on the other side of the room. Then came a scratching equally sudden and convulsive where I was.

I started just one square jump ahead of that big bull-dog, and I maintained my advantage till I got within about ten feet of the front door. Then I suddenly found it necessary to execute a quick strategic, right-flank movement around a pile of boxes.

That dog went out of doors with one of my coat-tails in his mouth, and I went through a side window.

I didn't pay much attention to anything but the work I had on hand going home. Then, with features grim as a grave-stone, I proceeded to pile application after application, book after book, and circular after circular, on the top of each other. Then I turned all my pockets inside out, to see if some fragment hadn't escaped my notice.

That pile is in the house there yet, if my wife hasn't burnt it up. And there it may stay, my friend. I can't touch another one of those documents, if they get to be as old as the Declaration of Independence.

Life Insurance Agent! I—well, others may seek success that way if they want to. I'd rather be a pack peddler.

Men and Monkeys.

The distinguished Professor Darwin in his last work on "The Descent of Man, and Selection in Relation to Sex," manifests no hesitation in asserting the descent of man, through the apes, from the minute larvæ of marine animals. He says:—

We are naturally led to inquire where was the birthplace of man at that stage of descent, when our progenitors diverged from the Catarhine stock [of apes.] The fact that they belonged to this stock clearly shows that they inhabited the Old World; but not Australia nor any oceanic island, as we may infer from the laws of geographical distribution. In each great region of the world, the living mammals are closely related to the extinct species of the same region. It is therefore probable that Africa was formerly inhabited by the extinct apes closely allied to the gorilla and chimpanzee; and as these two species are now man's nearest allies, it is somewhat more probable that our early progenitors lived on the African Continent, than elsewhere. But it is useless to speculate on this subject, for an ape nearly as large as a man existed in Europe during the Upper Miocene period; and since so remote a period the earth has certainly undergone many great revolutions, and there has been ample time for migration on the largest scale.

At the period and place, whenever and wherever it may have been, when man first lost his hairy covering, he probably inhabited a hot country; and this would have been favorable for a frugiferous diet (*fruits and grains*,) on which, judging from analogy, he subsisted. We are far from knowing how long ago it was when man first diverged from the Catarhine stock; but this may have occurred at an epoch as remote as the Eocene period; for the higher apes had diverged from the lower apes as early as the Upper Miocene period, as shown by the existence of the Dryopithecus. We are also quite ignorant at how rapid a rate, organisms, whether high or low in the scale, may under favorable circumstances be modified; we know, however, that some have retained the same form during an enormous lapse of time. From what we see going on under domestication, we learn that within the same period some of the co-descendants of the same species may be not at all changed, some a little, and some greatly changed. Thus may it have been with man, who has undergone a great amount of modification in certain characters in comparison with the higher apes. * * * *

The early progenitors of man were no doubt once covered with hair, both sexes having beards; their ears were pointed and capable of movement; and their bodies were provided with a tail, having the proper muscles. Their limbs and bodies were also acted on by many muscles which now only occasionally reappear, but are normally present in the Quadrumana. The foot, judging from the condition of the great-toe in the fœtus, was then prehensile; and our progenitors, no doubt, were arboreal in their habits, frequenting some warm, forest-clad land. The males were provided with great canine teeth, which served them as formidable weapons.

At a still earlier period the progenitors of man must have been aquatic in their habits; for morphology plainly tells us that our lungs consist of a modified swim-bladder, which once served as a float. The clefts on the neck in the embryo of man show where the branchiæ once existed.

The most ancient progenitors in the kingdom of the Vertebrata, at which we are able to obtain an obscure glance, apparently consisted of a group of marine animals, resembling the larvæ of existing Ascidians. These animals probably gave rise to a group of fishes, as lowly organized as the lancelet; and from these fishes like the Lepidosiren, must have been developed. From such fish a very small advance would carry us on to the amphibians. We have seen that birds and reptiles were once intimately connected together; and the Monotremata, now in a slight degree, connect mammals with reptiles. But no one can at present say by what line of descent the three higher and related classes, namely, mammals, birds, and reptiles, were derived from either of the two lower vertebrate classes, namely, amphibians and fishes. In the class of mammals the steps are not difficult to conceive which led from the ancient Monotremata to the ancient Marsupials; and from these to the early progenitors of the placental mammals. We may thus ascend to the Lemuridæ; and the interval is not wide from these to the Simiadæ. The Simiadæ then branched off into two great stems, the New World and the Old World monkeys; and from the latter, at a remote period, Man, the wonder and glory of the Universe, proceeded.

Thus we have given to man a pedigree of prodigious length, but not, it may be said, of noble quality. The world, it has often been remarked, appears as if it had long been preparing for the advent of man; and this, in one sense, is strictly true, for he owes his birth to a long line of progenitors. If any single link in this chain had never existed, man would not have been exactly what he now is. Unless we wilfully close our eyes, we may, with our present knowledge, approximately recognize our parentage; nor need we feel ashamed of it. The most humble organism is something much higher than the inorganic dust under our feet; and no one with an unbiassed mind can study any living creature, however humble, without being struck with enthusiasm at its marvellous structure and properties.

☞ Miss Alice Cary, the popular American poetess and author, died in New York city, on February 12th. In a criticism on her works, the Westminster Review says, "No American woman has evinced in prose or poetry anything like the genius of Alice Cary." Folderol.

☞ Men are not behind women in their fashionable make-up. That young man's tremendous shoulders, that seem a tower of defense to the weak little oppressed sisterhood are half stuffing. Get a needle—a knitting needle—and start out in search of the flexors and extensors of that good right arm. Harpoon him with perfect safety; it's all cotton. His little shoulder lives away back under a sort of shed—a gambrel roof—an embankment. There's an unnatural calmness about the fit of a man's coat on the shoulder that should indicate to the careless observer the actual state of things. But it don't.

☞ Men sometimes get credit for great liberality, when they are really doing very dishonest things—giving away other people's money.

☞ "You be hanged," as the artist said when he sent his picture to the gallery.

☞ A young lady in Montreal, who has had the misfortune to lose both her legs, has received, we are told, over a dozen offers of marriage during the past year; and, what is more extraordinary, she refused them all, though one of the suitors was a member of the Dominion Parliament. The young woman is highly accomplished, speaks seven languages, and is said "to charm everybody who comes near her." For a quiet, stay-at-home spouse, she would be invaluable.

☞ It is said that Edwin Forrest is the richest of all the American actors, being worth nearly $1,500,000; and that Joseph Jefferson and John E. Owens rank next.

☞ Let the example of Moltke cheer old men, and make many young ones more modest.

☞ War-fare—Famine.

☞ The compositors in San Francisco "embrace many ladies." The compositors in San Francisco ought to be ashamed of themselves.

☞ Very much disgusted must have been the gentleman down East, who induced a poor Welshman to pay $75 for six acres of worthless, stony hill land, in Munson, Me. Taffy has opened up a magnificent slate quarry, which he sold for $16,000.

☞ A New England journal concludes an affectionate obituary notice of a lamented townsman by saying: "He has filled many offices of public trust, and now fills his grave with perfect satisfaction to his fellow-citizens."

☞ Attached to some six or eight busts in the studio of Powers at Florence, are cards with the names and prices, and a statement that they have been ordered and never paid for. Mr. Powers says he has been forced to take this means of protecting himself against those who would gratify their vanity by giving an order for a bust, and never pay for it.

☞ A tradesman who had failed in the city of Bangor, wrote on his front door, "Payment suspended for thirty days." A neighbor reading this, said: "You have not dated the notice." "No," said he, "I don't intend to do so. It would run out if I did!"

☞ A young lady of New Jersey has invented a "pocket spittoon," for use in rail-cars, churches, and other places of amusement.

Theory vs. Practice.

Rev. Elijah Kellogg, in "The Spark of Genius," relates this funny incident and vouches for its truth:—

The extent to which theory often fails in practice is furnished by a venerated professor, a most distinguished mathematician, whose works are still used as text-books in many of our institutions, and which occurred within the compass of our own experience.

He went to Bethel; on his return, he spent the Sabbath at Lewiston. Monday morning he was told the horse was sick. Nevertheless, he started. The horse went a few rods, fell down and broke both thills. He then sent his wife home, and also sent to Brunswick for another horse and carriage to take him and the broken chaise home.

When the driver came they lashed the two vehicles together and started. All went well till they came to the first long, steep hill between Lewiston and Brunswick; on its summit they held a consultation. The professor had an exaggerated idea of his strength, and said, "Mr. Chandler, it is too much for the horse to hold these two carriages on this steep descent; take the horse out; I will get into the shafts."

"Professor," replied Chandler, "the breeching is strong, and so is the arm-girth."

"But the *horse*, Mr. Chandler: it is too much for the *horse*. Besides being stronger, I know how to take advantage of the descent, and manage it much better than the horse."

"If the horse can't hold it, you can't."

"Do you, sir, intend to place me, in point of intelligence, and knowledge of mechanical forces, below a horse? I have made mathematics the study of a lifetime."

"I have no intention to be disrespectful, sir; but I know that a horse understands his own business—which is handling a load on a hill—better than all the professors in the United States. I was sent up here by my employer, who confides in me, to take care of his property; if you will take the business out of my hands, and be the horse yourself, you must be answerable for the consequences."

The professor had a habit, when a little excited, of giving a nervous twitch at the lapel of his coat with his right hand.

"*I*," he replied, with a most emphatic twitch, "assume all responsibility."

The driver, in reality nothing loth to witness the operation, took out the horse and held him by the bridle; and the professor, getting into the shafts, took hold of them at the ends. The forward carriage was just descending the hill, and the hinder one a little over the summit, when the professor trod upon a rolling stone, which caused him to plunge forward, and increased the velocity of his load so much that he was forced to walk faster than he desired, and exchange the slanting position—with his shoulders thrown well back, and his feet braced—which he had at first adopted, for a perpendicular one. At length he was pushed into a run; the carriages were going at a fearful rate.

At the bottom of the hill was a brook; on each side, precipitous banks. The professor was between Scylla and Charybdis, going nine feet at a leap. In order to cramp the forward wheel, he turned suddenly to the right. The shafts of the forward carriage went two feet into the bank, breaking both of them short off; the lashings of the hinder one slipped; it ran into the forward one, breaking the fender; and both vehicles turned over down hill, with a tremendous crash, the learned gentleman describing a parabola—one of his favorite figures—and landing some rods away. He rose from the earth a dirtier and wiser man; knees skinned, pants torn, a piece of skin knocked off his forehead, and his best hat flat as a pancake underneath the hind *carriage*; and, looking around, he exclaimed:

"Is it possible I could have been so much deceived as to the momentum? It was prodigious!"

"I don't know anything about *momentum*," replied Chandler; "but I know something about *horses*. I know it makes a mighty difference about holding back a load on a steep hill whether the horse has two legs or four, and whether he weighs a hundred and seventy-five or twelve hundred pounds."

It cost the professor thirty-seven dollars and fifty cents to ascertain how much horse-power he represented.

☞ Hard to beat—a boiled egg.

☞ SINGULAR.—The ear is queer. Sometimes it hears the faintest murmurs of the zephyr; again it is oblivious to thunder-like noises. A young lady hears an invitation to go to the opera, even if given only in whispers; but don't hear the loud call of her mother to sweep the sitting-room.

☞ The worst thing about the Dip, says a writer of society gossip, is that it is such a convenient excuse for bad dancing. A fellow fresh from the wilds of the dancing academies tries to dance with some lady celebrated for her grace and lightness; he stubs her toes, gets wrapped up in her train, and makes them both ridiculous. Suddenly he stops short and complacently remarks:—"Oh! I see you haven't quite got my step yet; I dance nothing but the Boston," which is soothing to the young lady's feelings.

☞ That colored lawyer in London is said to resemble "a load of charcoal after a snow-storm," when he puts his white wig on.

☞ A son of Moses Root, of Craftsbury, Vermont, but sixteen years old, is six feet three inches tall—and is still growing rapidly.

☞ The following is a specimen extract from a very able and exhaustive article on the "Finite and Infinite," in a Chicago quarterly:—"What is present is, therefore Otherness in general, or a universal Being-for-Other, which, because it is a single Being for Other, is more properly Being-for-One. That is, the singleness of the determination sublates the Otherness."

☞ There was recently on exhibition, at Binghampton, N. Y., a turkey that turned the scales at fifty pounds.

☞ Tom Marshall once said, in reply to a fellow in his audience who kept singing out "Louder! louder!" when Marshall was speaking at the full capacity of his lungs—"Gentlemen and ladies: at the final resurrection of the great day, when Gabriel will be calling in thunder tones through his trumpet to arouse the dead, some blamed fool in this town will be heard crying out to him, 'louder! louder!'"

☞ A FLYING MACHINE.—Mr. Morrow, of San Francisco, is exhibiting a flying machine, shaped like a yacht, raised by gas and propelled by a windmill wings, driven by small steam engines. He claims to have flown it in the teeth of a strong wind, and thinks the honor of successful air navigation must be awarded to Morrow.

☞ Vermont has had a thunder shower in the midst of a snow storm.

Shut Up in Paris.

PARIS, Jan. 16.

To-day, yesterday, and the night that divided them, have been very terrible; never before has the cannonading been so intense, so loud and continued. Since the early morning of Saturday—that is, for more than forty hours—we have heard the long detonations, bursting forth with fierce explosion and rolling away in sullen thunder, at intervals of one or two minutes, with more rapid successions at times, and often several reports crashing out at once with awful echoes. Hours drag on heavily with such dread, sickening accompaniment as this filling the air, roaring into one's home, one's brain, one's heart. Gloomy enough in the day, when light and movement and voices are around; but most gloomy to wake in the coldest, darkest hours of the night, when all should be calm in shelter and at rest, and to hear the thunder of the guns as fierce and restless as ever. One feels at these times utterly bewildered at the thought that war *can* exist, and that all this terrible misery can have come to our doors. During these same past nights, too, the wind has been blowing strongly from the south, adding its own roaring to the noise it brings us from our southern forts.

The cannonading we hear is, as I have said, from our own forts; its loud roar drowns the sound of the enemy's guns, which are, of course, distant and faint; and for all those living on the northern side of Paris—from which I write, and which is still unharmed by the Prussian guns—it drowns, too, the explosions of the shells which are falling on the opposite side of the river. Indeed, the noise made by the shells as they burst is not very great, always excepting when the fearful things crash into one's own house or carry havoc into those of one's near neighbors. Shells still continue to fall, not so thickly as at first, but enough to scatter desolation and destruction over many wide and closely populated quarters of our city. Danger and distress have been around us for so long, that to those who are still in shelter, and even out of earshot, the enumeration of the injuries sustained from the bombardment in distant neighborhoods tells but as parts of the sad whole; but it is when such documents as the following meet one's eyes that the truth comes home to one in all its terrible reality. The letter is an invitation to attend a funeral—a *faire-part*, as it is called in French: "Monsieur and Madame Jules Legendre have the sorrow of acquainting you with the death of their daughters, Alice, aged thirteen years and a half, and Clemence, aged eight, both struck by a Prussian shell." Then follows the day and hour of the funeral, with the invitation to attend it, and the address of the unfortunate parents, 9, Rue Victor Cousin.

Of course, among the numerous and diversified accounts given in the various papers, many are exaggerated or accidentally repeated as new events; but clear and indisputable stand the figures in the official reports, and though the number of people struck is small in proportion to the number of projectiles thrown, yet the totals are drear enough—eighty persons killed, and a hundred and ninety-four wounded—since the beginning of the bombardment until to-day. Of these there are twenty-five children killed, which seems a terrible proportion, and twenty-seven children and sixty-five women have been wounded. The miserable quarter of the Rue Mouffetard—lately, however, so much opened and improved—has suffered most severely. The interior of a house was entirely destroyed, and of two families who lived there all the members were injured, and some fatally; a few doors further off another house underwent as terrible a visitation, but fortunately all the inmates had already taken refuge in the cellars, and remained there in safety; a cart going on the same day through the same neighborhood was violently struck, the man inside it killed, and the woman who was sitting by his side much wounded; three men were dangerously hit while taking wine together in a *cabaret*; and a shell dashed into a haberdasher's shop which a gentleman had just entered, shivered to atoms all the windows and fittings of the little place, and striking the customer who had so unhappily chosen the moment of purchase. Elsewhere, in more brilliant quarters, two waiters were killed instantaneously while serving in a *café*; another poor young fellow was mortally struck in a grocer's shop; thirteen persons in different parts of the town were killed while passing in the streets; a postman, while hurrying along with his scanty burden of siege letters, was overtaken by a huge splinter; and a young girl was wounded on the cheek by the fragment of a shell which burst a few yards from her while she was walking near the Sorbonne. Several *obus*, (shells) too, fell upon a girls' school, but without touching any of the terrified young inmates. In the Place du Pantheon seven workmen who were taking up the paving stones, so that the shells should bury themselves in the loosened earth instead of bursting with increased violence on the hard pavement, were violently struck by a projectile that exploded in the midst of them, five being killed on the spot. This place, which is very dangerously situated, had already been shut to all except to these unhappy workmen, who went to finish their task there, fearing the enemy's guns as little as if their poor lives had been charmed ones. The church of the Pantheon itself has had its dome traversed by an *obus*; the beautiful old Hotel de Saintonge had its *facade* scored in all directions; and in three or four places balconies have been torn from their brackets. The cousin of Monsieur Firmin Didot, the publisher, had the whole of the furniture in his pretty apartment destroyed while he was out one day; and a similar event, terminating in as happy a result, happened to the Abbe d'Arblade, who had been kept away all night at the bedside of a dying soldier in the military hospital established in the College Henri VI., the abbe's own life being thereby saved, for at home his escape had been impossible, the shell, which he found in fragments next morning in the midst of his apartment, having converted everything into a mass of ruins. Hairbreadth escapes, accompanied sometimes by the oddest details, are numerous. A big new house of the Rue Daubenton was traversed by a shell at the height of the third floor, a huge block of stone being thrust by the violence of the blow into the interior of the apartment there. The house was shaken, of course, from roof to foot. In the *loge* of the *concierge*, ensconced in a snug nook of the ground floor, the clock jumped off the mantelpiece; and yet six persons, who were sitting at breakfast in the very floor at which the projectile burst in, were totally uninjured.

The temerity of the first few days of the bombardment diminished fast; removals, instead of being only very partial, were soon carried on *en masse*. As during the days, now seemingly so long ago, when people came pouring into Paris with their goods and Penates on the eve of the siege, so do the inhabitants of the most dangerous quarters now come flying out into safety; street after street of those most bombarded is being entirely abandoned, and many poor tenants would have left them more quickly still, if they had known where to look for other dwelling-places. But every unoccupied house and shop in the city (and *nouveau Paris* still holds rows of new and untenanted buildings) is now put in requisition for the poor refugees, some of whom are suddenly expelled or frightened from their homes in the middle of the night, and fly through the dark streets to the *mairies* and police stations, where arrangements are made to give them immediate shelter for the moment. A staff of workmen is also kept permanently at these places, to repair at once, in the houses struck by the shells, such damage as threatens further danger. Many tradesmen, before leaving their premises, protected their shop fronts with slanting beams covered with sacks of earth—a most effectual precaution. Indeed, every one in Paris is obliged to furnish or to subscribe for a certain number of earth sacks for various uses of defence.

Indian Punishment.

The Pottawotomie Indians used to punish men who ran away with the wives of other Indians, by tying the culprit to the ground and allowing the injured husband to bite off the nose of the destroyer of his domestic happiness. The law has been abolished recently, in consequence of the scandalous conduct of a Shawnee Indian named Shying Mule. This brave had no nose, that feature having been sliced off with a scalping knife during a controversy with a friend. So when Shying Mule eloped with the wife of a Pottawotomie, and he was arrested, he adorned himself with a wax nose—one of a gross provided for such an emergency. He was tied to the ground, and the injured husband bit the nose off and swallowed it. He smacked his lips once or twice, as if it didn't taste exactly right, but he had too much spirit to admit that he was sold. Shying Mule immediately ran away with the wife of another brave. When he was brought back he had a fresh nose on looking as natural as life. The Indians were surprised; but they turned the husband on, and he bit away and swallowed the wax without winking. This kind of thing continued off and on for two years. Shying Mule glided away with sixty-seven squaws, at different periods, and every time he returned with one of those noses standing out on his face like the marker on a sun-dial. The Pottawotomies considered that this kind of thing was getting to be monotonous; they were scared; they regarded the miraculous success of this Shawnee as a cultivator of noses as a direct intimation from the Great Spirit that their law was wrong, and so they abolished it. Shying Mule says he is gradually working these savages onward to that perfect Christian civilization which gives a man a right to kill the person who runs away with his wife, provided the forsaken one can prove that he was insane.

WHAT THE CHINESE THINK OF US.—Ah Pio is the name of a Chinaman who has been to Europe, and, on his return, has written an account of his travels and adventures for the instruction and edification of his countrymen. Particularly struck was this estimable Celestial with the relations of the sexes, and he was sometimes puzzled to learn why, on the deck of a vessel, the husband and wife should walk up and down one hundred times until they got tired. The wild hilarity of the man, however, over the curious manner in which the matrimonial couples exhibited their barbarous affection, reaches the very height of merriment. The people actually kiss each other, and so John Chinaman kicks up his heels in his mirth, and thanks Heaven that he is not such a barbarian.

☞ Bryant's "Thanatopsis" has been translated into German half a dozen times since it was originally published in the North American Review in 1816.

☞ King William I. of Prussia was present at the battle of Waterloo when eighteen years of age. His military career extends over a period of fifty-five years.

☞ There was a brilliant wedding in Sullivan county the other day, and all parties accompanied the happy couple to the depot, where the new husband tenderly bade his bride farewell for the time, and she started off on a wedding tour with her uncle. The gentleman's business would not permit his absence at this season of the year without incurring possible losses and losing important business opportunities, and he believes in attending to business before pleasure.

☞ The following is reported in the proceedings of a late meeting of the Boston Radical club: There was a momentary hush, and then a voice sharply said: "The world needs silence!" and another in response, "Why, then, did you break it?" After this no one seemed of so rash a courage as to speak.

☞ During the late war, Dr. —— entering the hospital surgery, met Paddy Doyle, the orderly, and asked him which he considered the most dangerous of the many cases then in the hospital. "That, sir," said Paddy, as, with an indicative jerk of thumb, he pointed to where, on the table, lay a case of surgical instruments.

☞ The official statement of railway accidents in France last year should lead railroad directors in this country to think upon their ways—and mend them. Of 90,000,000 railway travellers in France, last year, only two passengers and four railway employes were killed.

☞ It is stated that about a million and a quarter of valentines are printed in this country every year.

☞ At Moscow, in a hard season, the frost will penetrate two feet deep in the ground, and in Charlton Island, Canada, it has been found to penetrate ten feet, when the water in the same island has frozen six feet. In Sweden, it penetrates the earth from three to four feet, and turns what moisture is formed there into a whitish substance like ice, and will penetrate standing water six feet.

☞ At a masquerade ball in Bridgeport, Conn., when the masks were removed, one man who had been flirting the worst kind with a lady from Chicago, was found to be a colored man of the deepest dye. The Chicago woman said she thought she smelt something all the evening, but supposed all Connecticut people smelled like that.

☞ The following question is now being discussed before the Bungtown Debating Society: "Can a big man ache harder than a little one?"

THE New York Tribune says "there is no situation in which an editor appears to less advantage than in that of knocking down a subscriber." We cannot allow so sweeping a statement to pass. It seems to us that an editor appears to the least advantage when he is being knocked down—or possibly, when he is down after being knocked. When we reflect on the amount of political, literary, personal, and local information that topples over when the average editor is floored, we feel justified in saying that no situation within the compass of editorial possibilities is at once so unpicturesque and undesirable.—*Every Saturday.*

A WRITER in a London contemporary some years ago gave the following description of M. Dumas:—"If you should ever go to Paris, and chance in some of the streets to meet a great boy, about 5 feet 4 inches in height, having a physiognomy resembling that of a negro, with frizzled hair, broad nose, and an olive complexion, his costume also being distinguished by some peculiarity, such as light yellow under-waistcoat, or a riband of an infinite variety of color depending from his button hole; speaking loudly and gesticulating fiercely, as if he was quarrelling instead of conversing with a friend—you may go boldly up to him, and say, without fear of being deceived, 'Good-day, M. Dumas.' Be assured it is the man himself; for there are not two such physiognomies to be found in Paris at least, though there may be in the colonies, among men of color. He will receive you very civilly, converse with you, and in a few moments you will feel, as it were almost instinctively, that you are confronted with the most prolific writer of modern times."

☞ Lent will commence on the 22d of February and end April 9th.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—9000 bbls Penna sold at prices ranging from $5,25@5,75 for superfine; $6@6,50 for extra; $6,50@7,75 for Northwest extra family; $6,50@7 for Penna extra family; $7@7,75 for Ohio and Indiana family, and $8@9,50 ℘ bbl for fancy brands. Rye Flour sold at $6 ℘ bbl.

GRAIN—Wheat—26,000 bus sold at $1,42@1,45 for Penna red; $1,55@1,60 for Indiana red; $1,50@1,55 for Ohio red; $1,60@1,65 for Indiana amber, and $1,80@1,85 ℘ bus for white. Rye—Sales of 1200 bus $1,05@1,10. Corn—Sales of 60,000 bus at 78@80c for yellow, and 77@78c for Western mixed. Oats—Sales of 31,000 bus at 60@62c ℘ bus. Barley—Sales of 8000 bus Western at $1,05.

PROVISIONS—Sales of Mess Pork at $22@22,50; clear at $25, and extra prime at $19. Mess Beef at $20@22 ℘ bbl for city packed extra mess. Beef Hams at $30@31 ℘ bbl. Bacon—Sales of sugar-cured city smoked Hams at 16@17c; Excelsior Hams at 18c; Sides at 12½@13c, and Shoulders at 10½c. Green Meats—Sales of 1700 tcs Pickled Hams at 14½@15c, Sides 11@11½c; and 120,000 lbs Shoulders, in salt, at 8½@9c. Lard—Sales of 400 bbls and tcs at 13@13½c for steam and kettle rendered. Butter—Sales of inferior packed at 13@17c; Pennsylvania store-packed at 20@24c, and roll at 24@30c ℘ lb. Eggs sell at 28@30c ℘ doz. Cheese sells at 15½@16½c ℘ lb.

COTTON—Sales of 500 bales Middlings at 15@15½c for Uplands, and 15½@16c for New Orleans.

BARK—15 hhds of No 1 Quercitron sold at $30 ℘ ton. Tanners' Bark ranges from $18@23 ℘ cord for chestnut and Spanish oak.

BEESWAX sells at 31@33c ℘ lb for yellow.

FRUIT—Apples and Peaches—Sales at 4@8c for Apples and 12@16c ℘ lb for half Peaches. Green Apples sell at $4,75@6,00 ℘ bbl. Cranberries sell at $10@12 ℘ bbl.

HAY—Prime Timothy Hay, ℘ 100 lbs, $1,10@1,15; mixed do, 90c@$1; Straw, $1,10@1,15.

IRON—Pig Iron—Sales of No. 1 at $30@31; No. 2 at $28. Bar Iron sells at $70@72 ℘ ton. Scotch Pig sells at $30@31 ℘ ton.

SEEDS—Cloverseed—500 bushels sold in lots at 11@11½c ℘ lb. Timothy—Sales at $6@6,25. Flaxseed at $2@2,10.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2441 head. The prices realized from 6@9 cts ℘ lb. 175 Cows brought from $40 to 70 ℘ head. Sheep—14,000 head were disposed of at from 5½@6½c ℘ lb. 4500 Hogs sold at from $10,50 to $11,50 ℘ 100 lbs.

Dr. E. P. Miller's New Hygienic Home.

Dr. E. P. Miller, the founder of the first Turkish Bath in New York, has opened a new and elegant establishment at 41 west 26th St., New York. He has the finest Turkish Baths in the country,—new Electric Baths, Water Cure, Movement Cure, and Lifting Cure. Fine, new rooms newly furnished, to let, with or without board. Transient and permanent boarders and patients accommodated. For terms &c., address Dr. E. P. MILLER, 41 west 26th St., New York.

Interesting to Ladies.

"We have used the Grover & Baker machines in our manufacturing rooms for fifteen years. They have always given us the most unqualified satisfaction, whether upon the finest and most costly silk and lace curtains or the heaviest duck and canvas upholstering; and we feel that we cannot recommend them too highly to all wanting a good reliable sewing machine." ALLAN F. MACKEY, Chicago.

The Solace of Age.

PLANTATION BITTERS is an agreeable compound of St. Croix rum—the most nutrimental of all distilled liquors—and a variety of tonic, alterative and antibilious vegetable productions, among which is that most invaluable of invigorants, Calisaya bark. The spirituous basis is manufactured by the agents of the proprietors, from the sugar-cane, on their own leasehold plantations in the West Indies; and the Calisaya bark is gathered and prepared for exportation from South America by the employees of the firm. Both, therefore, can be guaranteed to be unadulterated, and of the finest quality.

For these reasons, Plantation Bitters is recommended as an unequaled invigorating cordial for aged persons. But it has a stronger recommendation than that of the proprietor, viz.: the testimony of thousands in the decline of life, who have tested its revivifying properties. The record covers a period of more than ten years—and includes both sexes and all ages, from fifty to four-score years and upwards.

SEA MOSS FARINE from pure Irish Moss, for blanc mange, puddings, custards, creams, &c., &c. The cheapest, healthiest, and most delicious food in the world.

To Cure a Cough, Cold or Sore Throat, use *BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.*
nov26-6m

PSYCHOMANCY.—Any lady or gentleman can make $1,000 a month, secure their own happiness and independence, by obtaining PSYCHOMANCY, FASCINATION, or SOUL CHARMING. 400 pages; cloth. Full instructions to use this power over men or animals at will, how to Mesmerize, become Trance or Writing Mediums, Divination, Spiritualism, Alchemy, Philosophy of Omens and Dreams, Brigham Young's Harem, Guide to Marriage, &c., all contained in this book; 100,000 sold; price by mail, in cloth $1.25, paper covers $1. NOTICE.—Any person willing to act as agent will receive a sample copy of the work free. As no capital is required, all desirous of genteel employment should send for the book, enclosing 10 cts. for postage, to T. W. EVANS & CO., 41 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia.
nov19-6teow.

Good Soap, Like Good Wine, is Improved by Age.—Among the ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii soap was found in a good state of preservation, after having been buried over 1700 years.

A box of soap in a family is better than "*money at interest*," as when from three to six months old, one pound will go further than three pounds of new soap.

Ask your grocer for a box of CHAMPION'S IMPERIAL LAUNDRY SOAP, and if he does not keep it, send your order to CHAMPION BROTHERS, 84 Front street, New York. Liberal commission to clubs.
oct1-tf

HEALTH! BEAUTY!!

STRONG, PURE AND RICH
BLOOD, INCREASE OF FLESH AND
WEIGHT, CLEAR SKIN AND
BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION
SECURED TO ALL.
RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN
RESOLVENT HAS MADE
THE MOST
ASTONISHING CURES.
SO QUICK, SO RAPID ARE THE
CHANGES THE BODY UNDERGOES
UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THIS
TRULY WONDERFUL MEDICINE,
THAT EVERY DAY AN INCREASE IN
FLESH AND WEIGHT IS SEEN AND FELT.

Scrofula, Consumption,
Glandular Disease,
Ulcers in the Throat and Mouth,
Tumors, Nodes in the Glands,
And other parts of the system,
Sore Eyes,
Strumous diseases of the
Eyes, Nose, Mouth,

And the worst forms of Skin Diseases,
Eruptions, Fever Sores, Scald Head,
Ring Worm, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas,
Acne, Black Spots,
Worms in the Flesh, Tumors,
Cancers in the Womb,
And all Kidney, Bladder, Urinary and

Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes,
Dropsy, Stoppage of Water,
Incontinence of Urine,
Bright's Disease,
Weakness and Painful Discharges,
Night Sweats,
Are within the curative range of

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT,

and a few days' use will prove to any person using it for either of these forms of disease, its potent power to cure them.

ONE DOLLAR A BOTTLE.

Principal office 87 Maiden Lane, New York.
Sold by Druggists. oct1-tf

Unanswerable Arguments.

Established facts are silent arguments which neither pen nor tongue can shake, and it is upon established facts that the reputation of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS, as a health-preserving elixir, and a wholesome and powerful remedy, is based. When witnesses come forward in crowds, year after year, and reiterate the same statements in relation to the beneficial effects of a medicine upon *themselves*, disbelief in its efficacy is *literally impossible*. The credentials of this unequalled tonic and alterative, extending over a period of nearly twenty years, include individuals of every class, and residents of every clime, and refer to the most prevalent among the complaints which afflict and harass the human family. Either a multitude of people, strangers to each other, have annually been seized with an insane and motiveless desire to deceive the public, or HOSTETTER'S BITTERS, for no less than a fifth of a century, have afforded such relief to sufferers from indigestion, fever and ague, biliousness, general debility, and nervous disorders, as no other preparation has ever imparted. To-day, *while the eyes of the reader are upon these lines*, tens of thousands of persons, of both sexes, are relying upon the Bitters as a sure defence against the ailments which the present season engenders, and their confidence is not misplaced. The local potions which interested dealers sometimes endeavor to foist upon the sick in its stead are everywhere meeting the fate that is due to fraud and imposture, while the demand for the great vegetable specific is constantly increasing. feb4-4t

CONSUMPTION ☞ CAN BE CURED BY LIEBIG'S LIFE CURE. Sample package and treatise free.
Address, Dr. T. F. BURT, 737 Sixth Avenue, New York. jan21-13t

FOR MOTH PATCHES, FRECKLES AND TAN,

use *PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION.* It is reliable and harmless. Sold by druggists everywhere. Depot, 49 Bond st., New York.
jan7-3m

PIMPLES ON THE FACE.

For Pimply Eruptions, Black Heads, Flesh Worms, or Grubs, and Blotched Disfigurations on the *Face*, use *PERRY'S COMEDONE AND PIMPLE REMEDY.* Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond St., New York. Sold by druggists everywhere.

Wholesale in Philadelphia by JOHNSON, HOLLOWAY & COWDEN, 602 Arch St. jan7-3m

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. J. Hervey Beale, JOSEPH FUNSTON to ANNA MARIA LENTZ, both of this city.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. R. W. Hutter, D. D., WM. B. F. EVERHART to JULIA THORP, all of this city.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. F. L. Bush, THOS. L. STOTT to JOSEPHINE S. WELSH, both of this city.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. Charles Logan, Mr. WM. H. MILLER to Miss CLARINDA FRAKES, both of this city.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. J. S. Hartley, JOHN M. H. SOBERS to ANNA A. KERR, both of this city.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. William Cathcart, Mr. JOSIAH THOMPSON to Miss LIZZIE HART, both of this city.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. J. L. Witherow, Mr. FRANK C. HALL to Miss ROSE A. F. JOHNSON, all of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 8th instant, HUMINGA MESSIMERT, in the 63d year of his age.

On the 6th instant, G. WASHINGTON EMWIN, in the 49th year of his age.

On the 8th instant, EDWARD B. TOLBERT, in the 40th year of his age.

On the 8th instant, MARTIN LOTZ, in the 69th year of his age.

On the 7th instant, Mrs. J. BREVOOR, in the 86th year of her age.

On the 7th instant, ABRAHAM WILMERTON, Sr., in his 77th year.

On the 7th instant, JOHN W. RUTHERFORD, in the 51st year of his age.

On the 7th instant, RACHEL ROE, in the 84th year of her age.

On the 8th instant, CHARLES TUCKLEY, Sr., in the 70th year of his age.

On the 9th instant, Miss ALICE JOHNSTON, aged 60 years.

On the 2d instant, at Funchal, Madeira, FREDERIC OSWALD BOHLEN, in the 22d year of his age.

THE COMING YEAR.

We may note especially among our arrangements for the coming year, a new story called

DENE HOLLOW

By Mrs. Henry Wood, author of "East Lynne," "Bessy Rane," &c.

We may add that it is always the aim of Mrs. Wood, in her stories, to combine a high degree of interest with the inculcation of some moral lesson. And it is this which renders her stories such favorites with the great majority of readers.

We commenced in The Post of Jan. 7th, a

STORY OF ADVENTURE

By Gustave Aimard, author of "The Queen of the Savannah," "Last of the Incas," &c.

Aimard writes a stirring story, full of thrilling incidents by flood and field, of hair-breadth escapes, &c., in which both his heroes and his heroines take part.

In addition to these, of course, we shall give a succession of other stories, both original and selected, of the usual excellent quality.

But the desire of The Post is always to combine instruction with amusement, solid intellectual meats and bread and potatoes with its pies, preserves and puddings. We aim also to give, therefore, during the coming year,

INSTRUCTIVE ARTICLES

on a great variety of subjects, original, and selected from all quarters. We should be sorry to have our readers say that they had perused a single number of The Post without being wiser in some respect than they were before.

THREE MONTHS GRATIS.

We are still able to offer all *NEW* subscribers

3 MONTHS FOR NOTHING,

beginning their subscriptions for 1871 with the paper of October 8th, which contains the beginning of Leonie's Mystery, by Frank Lee Benedict. This is

THIRTEEN PAPERS

in addition to the regular weekly numbers for 1871, or

FIFTEEN MONTHS IN ALL!

We have a goodly supply of back numbers still on hand.

This offer applies to all new subscribers, single or in clubs. See our low Terms on the second page of this paper.

Something New.

For the convenience and comfort of the ladies, a little pocket is now, in some cases, inserted in the inside seam of the left sleeve of gentlemen's overcoats; a little pocket to hold the otherwise exposed fingers of any gentle promenader who may like a coat-sleeve to lean upon. The fashion is in a somewhat crude state at present, being only a little canvas bag inserted between the lining and the outside; but if the idea "takes," there will be great improvements. Another winter and we shall have them furlined and ornamented with laps, like other pockets, and possibly, as a compliment to the little fingers they are to shield, ornamentation may be indulged in, embroidery in gold braid, fancy stitching, and the like.

As far as the ladies are concerned, there is no doubt but that the fashion will be popular, for if there is one thing more than another they fully appreciate, it is comfort. They can stand any amount of it; and the covering up of that thinly-gloved hand, which has stood so much exposure, will be followed by wordless blessings from many a grateful heart.

Overtaxing Children's Brains.

The extent to which over-mental strain is injurious to the young varies according to the kind and character of work. The endeavor to fill the minds of children with artificial information leads to one of two results. Not frequently in the very young it gives rise to direct disease of the brain, to convulsive attacks, or even to epilepsy. In less extreme cases, it causes simple weakness and exhaustion of the mental organs, with irregularity of power. The child may grow up with a memory taxed with technicals, and impressed so forcibly that it is hard to make way for other knowledge, and added to these mischiefs there may be, and often is, the further evil, that the brain, owing to the labor put on it, becomes too fully and easily developed, too firm, and too soon matures, so that it remains throughout manhood always a large child's brain, very wonderful in a child, and equally ridiculous in a man or woman. The development in an excessive degree of one particular faculty is also a common cause of feebleness.—*Dr. Richardson.*

☞ Thou wilt be asked, "By what dost thou know God?" Say, "By that which descendeth upon the heart;" for could that be proved false, souls would be utterly helpless. There is in thy soul a certain knowledge, before which, if thou display it to mankind, they will tremble like a branch agitated by the strong wind.

☞ Laughter and music will cure the blues.

☞ Two couples were recently married at Bath, England, the brides and grooms all being deaf and dumb.

WHICH SHALL IT BE?

[A rich man, who had no children, proposed to his poor neighbor, who had seven, to take one of them, and promised, if the parents would consent, that he would give them property enough to make themselves and their other six children comfortable for life.]

Which shall it be? Which shall it be?
I looked at John—John looked at me,
And when I found that I must speak,
My voice seemed strangely low and weak.
"Tell me again what Robert said;"
And then I listening bent my head.
This is his letter:—

"I will give
A house and land while you shall live,
If, in return, from out your seven,
One child to me for aye is given."
I looked at John's old garments worn;
I thought of all that he had borne
Of poverty, and work, and care.
Which I, though willing, could not share;
I thought of seven young mouths to feed,
Of seven little children's need,
And then of this.

"Come, John," said I,
"We'll choose among them as they lie
Asleep." So, walking hand in hand,
Dear John and I surveyed our band;
First to the cradle lightly stepped,
Where Lillian, the baby, slept.
Softly the father stooped to lay
His rough hand down in a loving way,
When dream or whisper made her stir,
And huskily he said: "Not her."

We stooped beside the trundle-bed,
And one long ray of lamplight shed
Athwart the boyish faces there,
In sleep so beautiful and fair.
I saw on James's rough red cheek
A tear undried. Ere John could speak,
"He's but a baby, too," said I,
And kissed him as we hurried by;
Pale, patient Robbie's angel face
Still in his sleep bore suffering's trace.
"No, for a thousand crowns not him,"
He whispered, while our eyes were dim.

Poor Dick! bad Dick! our wayward son—
Turbulent, restless, idle one—
Could he be spared? Nay, He who gave
Bade us befriend him to the grave;
Only a mother's heart could be
Patient enough for such as he;
"And so," said John, "I would not dare
To take him from her bedside prayer."

Then stole we softly up above,
And knelt by Mary, child of love.
"Perhaps for her 'twould better be,"
I said to John. Quite silently
He lifted up a curl that lay
Across her cheek in willful way,
And shook his head. "Nay, love, not thee,"
The while my heart beat audibly.

Only one more, our eldest lad,
Trusty, and truthful, good and glad,
So like his father. "No, John, no;
I cannot, will not, let him go."
And so we wrote in courteous way,
We could not give one child away;
And afterward toil lighter seemed,
Thinking of that of which we dreamed,
Happy in truth that not one face
Was missed from its accustomed place
Thankful to work for all the seven,
Trusting the rest to One in Heaven.

The Rothschilds and Their Race.

BY N. S. DODGE.

In the year 1750 there lived in Frankfort-on-the-Main a young Jewish couple, Anselm Rothschild and Rebecca, his wife, married the year before, who were trying what they could make out of the world by buying and selling old clothes in Teutsch-straat, No. 123. On the 27th of February, the rite of circumcision had been celebrated in the little parlor over their shop, eight days after the birth of Meyer Anselm, their first-born. As the child, like Samuel in old Eli's days, was intended by his mother for the priesthood, the chief Rabbi performed the ceremony, and the Hebrew gentry of the town honored the young parents by their presence. The boy grew up under advantages of a good education, provided by friends and the priesthood, and went through the curriculum of study that was usual. At Furth, where he was placed from seven years old to eleven, his favorite employment was the examination of ancient coins in the Numismatic Museum. It is worth remark here in the outset—the truth of which any business man may confirm—that a Jew always knows the approximate value of a piece of money or a jewel, be it never so strange or rare, whenever or wherever presented to him. All through the thousand years of what we call the "Middle Ages," the necessity of concealing his wealth from the rapacity of Christian Kings and nobles, educated every successful Hebrew in the knowledge of whatever represented value within the smallest compass. It is the same to-day. A Jew on shipboard knows the worth of every foreign coin you may have taken on your travels; he rates the value of the jewelry your wife or daughters wear at every grand reception; he buys unpolished pearls from the Java oyster-beds, and diamonds in the rough at the London Docks; his judgment decides the amount of the loan that may be safely made on jewelry in the pawnbrokeries of the great cities in Europe and America; and the crown-jewels of every monarchy throughout the world are pledged and redeemed, bought and sold, polished and set, under the scrutinizing eye of a descendant from Abraham.

Meyer was left without a father at the age of eleven years. Declining the course of study marked out by his parents, he engaged as a messenger-boy in a banking-house in Hanover, grew up to a clerkship, returned as a money-changer to his native city, and opened out the germ of that mighty business that was destined to act so powerfully upon the Governments of Europe. While still poor, standing every day at the counter of his little banking-house, changing foreign bank-notes into current money, the Prince of Hesse-Cassel, it seems, in flying from the approach of the republican armies, desired, as he passed through Frankfort, to get rid of a large amount in gold and jewels, in such a way as might leave him a chance of its recovery after the storm had passed by. With this view he sought out the humble money-changer, who consented reluctantly to take charge of the treasure, burying it in a corner of his garden just at the moment when the republican troops entered the gates of the city. His own property he did not conceal, for this would have occasioned a search; and cheerfully sacrificing the less for the preservation of the greater, he reopened his office as soon as the town was quiet again, and recommenced his daily routine of calm and steady industry. But he knew too well the value of money to allow the gold to lie idle in his garden. He dug it forth from time to time, as he could use it to advantage; and, in fine, made such handsome profits upon his capital, that upon the Duke's return, in 1802, he offered to refund the whole with five per cent. per annum for interest. This, of course, was not accepted. The money was left to fructify for twenty years longer at the almost nominal interest of two per cent.; and the Duke's influence was used to obtain business for the honest Jew.

In 1812, Meyer Anselm Rothschild died, leaving the mighty fortune, of which his wisdom had laid the foundation, to ten children—five sons and five daughters—placing upon them the injunction, with his last breath, of an inviolable union. This is one of the grand principles to which the success of the family may be traced. The command was kept by sons and daughters with religious fidelity. Sisters married with unanimous consent of the mother and all the children. Brothers remained in copartnership. Their places of residence, by mutual agreement, became far asunder—Anselm domiciliating himself in Frankfort; Solomon, in Vienna; Charles, in Naples; James, in Paris; and Nathan, in London—but their union remained indissoluble. Before 1820, the house had become ubiquitous. Like a net-work, it had spread itself all over Europe, and its operations were felt tremblingly in all the great loans contracted by nations. In days anterior to electric telegraph and rail, their couriers travelled from brother to brother. They conveyed the earliest news. Mails were outstripped; Government expresses were left behind; relays were ready at every post; commercial despatches, subvented by public companies, as well as private enterprise, failed in successful competition with the Hebrew firm. Nathan Rothschild received in London news of the result of Waterloo five hours before it was announced on 'Change, and made £200,000 in consequence. During the great revolt in India, Havelock's success, which changed Consols from 84 to 89, was known at the counting-room in Lombard street a full day before it reached the Bank of England. Lord Palmerston regretted, in his famous reply to Mr. Disraeli, that Government had to depend for its earliest advices of the attacks upon Sebastopol on "the courtesy of the Israelitish house." It was the same during the Franco-Italian war; it held good five years ago when Prussian legions thundered their triumphal progress against the strongholds of Austria; and it is only yesterday that the Rothschilds discounted in the London market the fatal surrender of Bazaine a full two hours before it was recorded by the telegraphic wires that stretch to the Royal Exchange.

There are no better illustrations of the fact that the Jew everywhere works in his own peculiar way. He holds in Europe the sinews of war, and at the same time grasps the rags from the kennel. His energy and perseverance are unrivalled, and his wealth and love of gain a proverb and a reproach. The poorer class is as persistent, acute and eager in the prosecution of business as the rich. They have monopolized particular branches of traffic, and made them their own. With the dawn of every morning in London, more than three thousand of them march forth, with bag on shoulder, to collect the cast-off garments of three millions of people. For five days in the week the cry of "Clo', clo', clo'," is heard at intervals in all streets from early dawn till evening. From Belgravia and Eaton Square to the meanest lanes and slums of the most squalid districts, not a spot is left unvisited. To the Jew there is a value in every abandoned piece of raiment, however mean, and he disdains no profit, however small. The rejected clothing of nearly all England finds its way, sooner or later, to the Houndsditch Rag Fair, and the amount of business daily done by Jews of the lowest class in that receptacle of mould and filth, it is said, will average £3,000.

Another favorite traffic of the race is in dried fruits. Another still, of which they hold a monopoly, is in the old linen of hospitals and asylums, clubs and hotels. As a rule, the Hebrew declines dealing in nothing that has a value, unless it be an article rapidly perishable. Thus he never ventures a penny in flowers, never deals in vegetables, never presides at an oyster-stall, never hawks fresh fish from door to door. But he will do anything, save three, unless it be to beg. *That* he never does. In all the world there is not a Jew who is a professional beggar. Reduce him to extremest pauperism, afflict him with disease, maim him, take away hearing, eyes, and power of locomotion, and he will lie, steal, and cheat for a living, but never beg. There is no such thing as a mendicant Jew. There are numbers of them in all the cities of Europe who are poor enough, but poverty will not make them beggars. Instead of that, it makes them hawkers and peddlers, scriveners, and guides, scavengers and refuse-gatherers, petty thieves and counterfeiters, pimps and panderers, dealers in stolen goods and discounters of forged notes of hand—anything, in short, but the aversion of their race: public mendicants.

It is in exchange and barter that the Israelite everywhere excels. He rarely produces. Into handicraft he seldom enters. Inventive genius is not his. Manufacture he leaves to others. Mechanical skill seems foreign to his nature. He is a poor household servant, and a poorer operative. Manual labor, where bread is to be won by daily wages, he avoids. Scorning no efforts while he is his own master, he abhors drudgery for another. The best of commercial travellers, he is the worst of counting-house clerks. Sharpest of buyers and sellers, he is the stupidest of contrivers. The Jew continues, but does not originate; accepts, but never organizes; finds a market, but never creates demand; makes the best of every situation, but receives it at the same time as the inevitable. Wherever money is to be won by shrewd calculation, however; wherever speculative risk promises a fair return, or whenever an unsteady market offers chances for large returns, his tact, boldness, and caution have no equals. His judgment in an emergency is rarely at fault. The critical moment seldom escapes his notice. Scruples do not embarrass him. Consequence makes no coward of his venture. It thus becomes true that in every country there is a great Hebrew capitalist. When the allied armies, in 1815, needed money, the sovereigns had recourse to a Jew. When the British wanted £20,000,000 for the emancipation of the West India slaves, a Hebrew furnished it. When the Crimean War made necessary an unusual loan; when Prussia, girding herself for combat with Austria, demanded extraordinary vitality for the sinews of war; when Russia saved herself from bankruptcy, after Sebastopol had become a heap of ruins, it was a Jew who was ready to meet the case of need. Of our own national securities held abroad to-day, almost beyond calculation as the amount is, more than seven-eighths of the whole sum is indorsed by the Hebrew bankers of Vienna, and Frankfort, Berlin, and London.

To return to the famous house: It will be remembered that Nathan Rothschild settled in England. He came, in 1800, as a purchaser for his father of Manchester fabrics. Large sums of money were, in the course of time, intrusted to him by the German Princes for safe investment. After the decease of his father, in 1812, he was looked upon, by the brothers, as the head of the firm. His financial transactions pervaded the whole continent, and he came, at last, to be consulted upon almost every speculation and undertaking. He first introduced the system of foreign loans into England. Such were his good judgment and management that not one of the countries with which he entered into contracts ever failed in their engagements. He died in 1836, but there are old men still frequenting the Royal Exchange in London who remember his personal appearance and sayings. He always occupied the same place in the thronged internal square, covered by the vast roof, and studded with pillars and carvings, alto-relievos and statuary. A heavy man, with marked Hebrew face; plainly dressed; undemonstrative in manner; quick and short in speech, that was marked by strong German accent; positive in his answers; quiet in his greed for news, none of which, however, ever fell upon his ears unheeded; reticent in giving expression to his opinions; never forgetting face, name, or standing of those with whom he dealt; so ready in the value of exchange as never to refer to his book, which he always held in his hand; making his replies so distinct that no second question was ever asked; cold, formal, reserved, and distant, never losing his equanimity in reverses or gains, and so thoroughly himself as never to hesitate—his memory remains till to-day as that of the model business-man of the great metropolis. His word was always kept. He knew no difference in men. A commercial transaction was to him beyond all fear or favor. Friends or strangers—those who had dealt with him for years or those who entered into first engagements—were alike. He was indifferent to everything but the simple transaction of the moment.

It is, of course, impossible to make even an approximate estimate of the present wealth of the widely extended house, or of its numerous individual members. As a rule, all descendants of the Rothschilds, in the male line, unite with the firm at their majority. There are now more than seventy, who are fourth in descent from Meyer Anselm Rothschild, that are counted as partners. The cousins intermarry. There have hitherto been no instances of imbecility or eccentricity resulting from these close connections. Nor among the young men of the various families, exposed as they are to the temptations which wealth offers in large cities, is there known to have been a solitary case of intemperance. The children, male and female, like their parents, are Jews of the straitest sect. The family abounds in charities. There are six hospitals—one each in London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Prague, and Constantinople—of the amplest dimensions and completest arrangements, which have been built and are supported by the Rothschilds. Sir Moses Montefiore, now past eighty-six years of age, whose mother and wife were Rothschilds, is perhaps the most philanthropic man in England. His immense wealth has been devoted for more than half a century to the relief of suffering Jews all over the world. Five times has he been to the Holy Land on errands of mercy—four times to the Algerian and Tunisian States—twice to Egypt—and I know not how often to the Principalities, armed with letters and *quasi* diplomatic power, in order to relieve his Israelitish brethren who were suffering from oppression or poverty.

Although the wealth of the great firm is unknown, its transactions with Governments are matters of history. Since the peace of 1815, it has raised for Great Britain £200,000,000 sterling; for Austria, £50,000,000; for Prussia, £40,000,000; for France, £80,000,000; for Naples, £50,000,000; for Russia, £25,000,000; for Brazil, £12,000,000; and for other and smaller states, more than £28,000,000. The gains upon the transactions alone must have been enormous. Hence the impression in all monetary marts of the world, that the credit of the Rothschilds is beyond damage. In 1857, when the financial storm that prostrated all confidence of man in man in the United States, swept across the Atlantic, bringing havoc to bankers and merchants, shipowners and manufacturers, iron-masters and bill-discounters, almost the only house in Europe, perhaps the only one, that stood unshaken by the tempest was theirs. For two or three days, George Peabody's credit was gone. Baring Brothers looked out with dismay upon the wrecks floating around them. Brown, Shipley & Co.; the Morrisons; Frederick Huth & Co., and other leading mercantile and banking firms of London, took in all canvas and were striving to ride out the gale under bare poles. The Rothschilds, on the contrary, showed no change. Their extended business seemed to suffer no diminution. As loan-contractors, dealers in bullion, stock-purchasers, and sellers of securities, they did as much during the panic—perhaps more—than ever. They spread their sails to the winds, and even when the Bank of England had to appeal to Government for help, they swept onward without dismay. They lost £8,000,000 by fall in securities, in 1848. They are supposed to have lost no less during the present Franco-Prussian war. But in neither case did it affect their credit. If anything on earth were exempt from disastrous mutation, it would appear to be the wealth of the Rothschilds.

All the sons of Meyer Anselm, the originator of the family, are dead. Nathan died at the age of sixty-four, in 1837; the other four lived till 1855, during which year all of them deceased, each having passed the age of fourscore. Nathan left four sons, three of whom rank among the most distinguished aristocracy of the British capital, the fourth, Nathan, residing in Paris. The eldest, Lionel de Rothschild, a member of Parliament from London, is privileged, as a British subject, to bear the title of an Austrian baron—his brothers being barons only by courtesy. The second, Sir Anthony de Rothschild, is an English baronet; the third, Meyer, was high sheriff of Buckinghamshire. In 1847, Baron Lionel de Rothschild was invited by the Reform Association to stand as a candidate with Lord John Russell for the representation of London in Parliament. He was returned by a large vote, and from then until now, having been elected nine times, has been one of the favorite members from the city.

It is a fact illustrative of the slow progress of reform in England, that, though Baron Rothschild was elected member of Parliament by the most important constituency in the Kingdom, in 1847, '49, '52, and '57, it was not permitted that he should take his seat until the last-named year. The oath of allegiance ran, "Upon the true faith of a Christian." This, as a Jew, the baron could not take. Again and again, he advanced to the bar of the House, uncovered his head, raised his right hand, slowly repeated the form after the speaker, until the fatal words were reached, when, becoming silent, and still remaining silent during three repetitions by the speaker, he took his seat outside the bar. For ten years successively an Act, changing the oath, was sent from the Commons to the Lords, and was ten times refused concurrence. That conservative body would not away with it. At length, by a resolution of the Lower House, the standing orders were set aside, and the baron was permitted to take his seat, and give his vote. Other Jews have been elected since to the Commons. But not all the power of the crown, nor the will of the whole British people, has been able to open the way to a Hebrew within the House of Lords.

The mother of the Rothschilds—the widow of old Anselm—that same Rebecca whose first-born was circumcised amid unexpected honors, in the little upper chamber of the old-clothes shop, a century and a fifth ago, lived to the age of fourscore and fifteen years, the cheeriest and brightest of old women. In the year 1830, an American traveller was exploring the antiquities of Frankfort-on-the-Main. The Jews'-quarter, then and now a specimen of the intolerable vexations to which the hated race was subjected for many hundred years, contained, within a narrow, ill-paved street, a frame building of singular neatness, upon which every improvement it would admit seemed to have been carefully made. Seated in a large arm-chair, behind the small, diamond-shaped panes of glass that filled the window of the one-stairs front, was a venerable lady, engaged in knitting stockings. She had outlived three generations, and yet her eye was not dim, nor her mind clouded. It was the ancestress of the Rothschilds—the mother of Meyer Anselm Rothschild, then eighteen years dead—the lineal head of the greatest commercial family known to the modern world.—*Overland Monthly.*

COMPENSATION.

BY ELIZA S. TURNER.

I am not a prosperous man;
The ships I send to sea
Are apt to meet some strange defeat
Ere they come back to me.
And her eyes are dull with care;
And the castle that serves our prime
Is a poor affair to those in the air
We built in our courting time.

This morning, waking slow
To a sense of the coming day,
Of the life too mean, and the might have been,
My coward heart gave way.
My heart appalled sank down;
But rose again with a leap
At our delight when at dead of night
Our babe laughed out in his sleep.
—*Independent.*

The Bible:

Illustrated by Oriental Usages.

BY MRS. FANNIE R. FEUDGE.

Lamps.

All Orientals burn a lamp in every *occupied* room of their houses all through the night. If the family is wealthy the lamps are numerous, large and brilliant, suspended from lofty ceilings, and kept constantly clean and well filled; so that the house is in a very blaze of light, that may be seen from a great distance. But even the smallest cottage or dilapidated tent has its solitary lamp; and the very poor will sooner dispense with a portion of their ordinary food or clothing, or indeed with anything, rather than do without a light in their sleeping apartments. Eastern people are early risers; and the lamp burns till the time for kindling fire for the preparation of the morning meal, the fuel being ignited before the lamp is extinguished; and again when the cooking of the evening repast is completed, the lamp is lighted and the fire on the hearth suffered to die out. Thus in an Oriental dwelling the fire, in one form or another, is never really extinguished, unless by an accident that seldom occurs. Hence they have no use for friction matches, an article little known, and still less valued by the people of the East.

One reason for this perpetually-burning fire may be found in the superstitious dread of ghosts and demons so strongly implanted in the breast of most Orientals, as well as the natural fear of the venomous reptiles and insects that abound in partially-civilized lands, especially within the tropics, and from which their light and very imperfectly-closed dwellings afford little protection. But more than for any other reason, is the air of cheery home-life thus imparted to a house; and the encouragement it offers to the passing traveller to stop for rest and refreshment—hospitality to strangers being the crowning virtue and national glory of Orientals. An Arabian poet thus alludes to the affluence and permanent prosperity of his family: "Neither is our fire, lighted for the benefit of the night stranger, ever extinguished."

The number and brilliancy of the lights within and around an Eastern dwelling affords usually a fair criterion by which to judge of the rank and wealth of the owner. The more numerous and resplendent the lights gleaming through the open windows, and the loftier and larger the "fires of hospitality" which burn on the nearest eminence to attract the attention of travellers, and invite them to the house and table of the resident, the more exalted is the personage who dwells within; while the faint glimmer of the solitary lamp that flickers on the hearth of some poor hovel, proclaims a corresponding poverty in the humble occupant.

Hence the striking and beautiful imagery employed by Job, (chap. xxix. 3) to express God's merciful care for him in the days of his prosperity: "When his (God's) candle shined upon my head, and when, by his light, I walked through darkness." Here the Patriarch would seem, by the use of a synonym perfectly intelligible to an Oriental mind, to narrate the goodness and condescension of the Divine Being, in guiding by the beacon-light of his Providence and Spirit, the wandering stranger through the surrounding darkness to his own glorious abode of excellence and truth, and receiving him when there as a *favored* guest—conducting him by the brilliancy of the lamps that shone down upon the head from the lofty ceilings, to the very interior of the mansion, into the immediate presence of the Lord of the house—thus admitting him to terms of familiar friendship, and lavishing upon him the most distinguishing evidences of cordial affection. How in contrast to these balmy days is the poor sufferer's desolate condition, when in plaintive tones he wails forth his piteous lament: "He (God) hath fenced up my way that I cannot pass, and he hath set darkness in my paths." Chap. xix. 8.

Especially is a brilliant lamp in "the tabernacle," or chief tent of an encampment, as spoken of by the Shuhite, (chap. xviii. 6,) esteemed a distinguishing mark of dignity and grandeur; and a proud, wicked man of wealth would naturally affect this piece of state from motives of ostentation. Hence the solemn augury in verses 5 and 6, "The light of the wicked shall be put out, and the spark of his fire shall not shine. The light shall be dark in his tabernacle, and his candle shall be put with him." The language of this denunciation virtually imports not only the sudden fall of the wicked from the lofty position to which his own vanity and self-love had elevated him, but the utter destruction of his family and house, leaving not even a glimmering spark on his desolated hearth-stone.

In just the same sense would any Oriental understand God's promise to David, (1 Kings, chap. xi. 36,) "That David, my servant, may have a *light* (lamp) always before me, in Jerusalem;" and that in 1 Kings xv. 4, "nevertheless for David's sake did the Lord his God give him (the wicked Abijam) a lamp in Jerusalem to set up his son after him, and to establish Jerusalem." Both of these seem to imply God's solemn assurances of the perpetuation of David's seed, and through him, of the great Messiah, the Prince of the house of David, of whose dominion there should be no end.

The allusions, both in the Old and New Testaments, to this simple household utensil are so numerous and varied that a volume might be filled with the subject, while in a brief sketch like the present only a few of the more prominent and striking can be noticed. Sometimes it is used as an emblem of human life, as in 2d Samuel, xxi. 17, where the followers of David solemnly conjure him to expose himself no more to the casualties of battle: "That thou quench not the light of Israel." How loving the tender admonition. How beautiful the metaphor. They would not have this bright luminary, in which all Israel was rejoicing, suddenly extinguished by the breath of violence, leaving the nation in the gloom of civil discord and strife; but rather, that, nourished by their faithful watch-care, it should burn steadily on, till all of life's oil should be consumed, and then flicker and die out calmly and quietly as the expiring wick sinks in its socket when no longer fed by the oil.

From our Lord's sermon on the mount we read (Matt. v. 15.) "Neither do men light a candle (or lamp) and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick, and it giveth light to all that are in the house." The allusion to the simple habits, perhaps even the poverty of the family, is touching; and their one lamp—their *only one*—the light of the household—*this* surely they would never hide away where it could shed no light on the surrounding gloom; but they would place it conspicuously on the lamp stand that all might have the benefit of its radiance, and walk in its comforting light. How easy and natural seems the inference, the touching lesson our Saviour would inculcate—"Let your light so shine before men," &c. It was as though He had said: "To you I have committed the true light, while all around you is the darkness of heathenism, superstition, and ignorance. Do not hide this precious light, but let all about you share its great benefits; thus imitating the example of the Great All-Father in Heaven, who sendeth His sunshine and rain on the evil as well as the good."

The apostle Peter also in his 2d Epistle, 1 19, alludes to this household lamp, drawing from it his beautiful synonym of the word of God, the Scriptures of truth, "to which," says he, "ye do well that ye take heed, as to a light that shineth in a dark place."

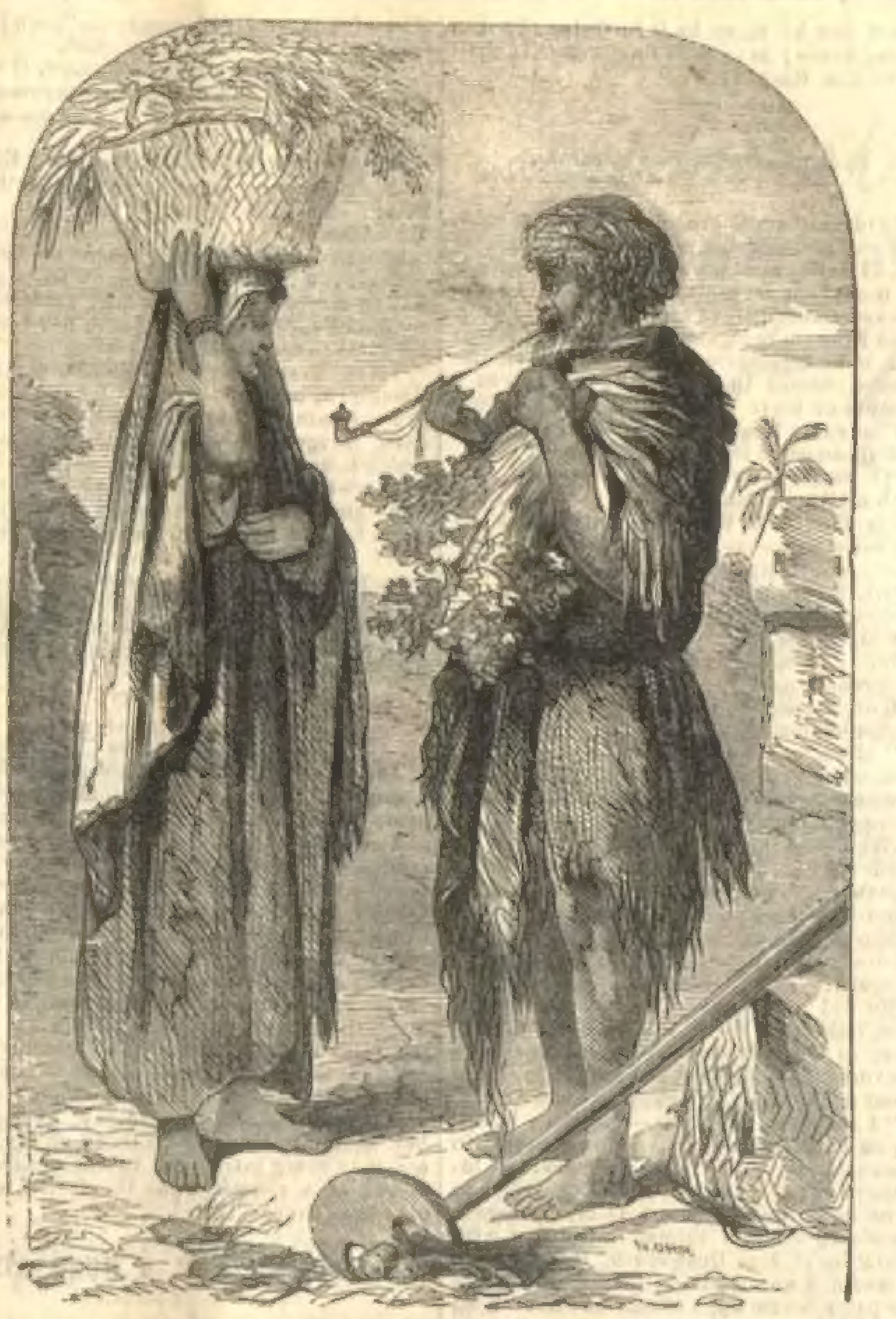
And lastly, in Rev. xxii. 5, "the beloved disciple" describing the glories of the New *Jerusalem*, says of it: "There shall be no night there, and they need no candle, neither light of the Sun." All these may well be dispensed with, for "The Lamb is the light (*lamp*) thereof," Rev. xxi. 23.

Fat Men.

It is a striking fact that most persons want to weigh more than they do, and measure their health by their weight, as if man were a pig, valuable in proportion to his heaviness. The racer is not fat; a good plough horse has but a moderate amount of flesh. Heavy men are not those which experienced contractors employ to build railroads and dig ditches. Thin men, the world over, are the men for work, for endurance; are the wiry and hardy; this people live the longest. The truth is, fat is a disease, and, as proof, fat people are never well a day at a time—are not suited for hard work. Still, there is a medium between fat as a butter-ball and as thin and juiceless as a fence-rail. For mere looks moderate rotundity is most desirable, to have enough of flesh to cover all angularities. To accomplish this in the shortest time, a man should work but little, sleep a great part of the time, allow nothing to worry him, keep always in a joyous, laughing mood, and live chiefly on albuminates, such as boiled cracked wheat, and rye, and oats, and corn, and barley, with sweet milk, and buttermilk, and fat meats. Sugar is the best fattener known.

Immortality.

And why, it may be asked, if death is a necessity for this world's use, why not also for the use of the next? If the earthly life must be shortened to meet the requirements of finite nature, how, hereafter, shall finite nature bear the burden of immortality? I suppose that hereafter, also, there may be the need, from time to time, of "a sleep and a forgetting," as the ages accumulate their experience on the soul. Immortality may be a series of births instead of one continuous living. Successive deaths may be the risers of those "altar-stairs that slope through darkness up to God;" each stair a new day of spiritual life, a higher capacity of serviceable action, a newer revelation of the infinite Love.—*Frederic H. Hedge.*



EGYPTIANS OF UPPER EGYPT.

La Camicia Rapita.

I.

O mercy, God! what masking stuff is here?
What's this? A sleeve?
—*Taming of the Shrew.*

"It is a very extraordinary thing, Susan, that the laundress will never send home my things right. Every week there is sure to be some mistake."

"I'm sure I'm very sorry, mem! I always desires her to be *so* particu'ar."

"She seems to pay no attention, then, to what you say to her. Last week she lost one of my best cambric handkerchiefs; the week before she could not account for that pretty *fichu*, and now there's another article missing."

"Indeed, mem! Why, I counted the linen over when it came home, and it quite agreed with the bill. I'm sure the number was all right."

"The number—yes—perhaps so;—but what do you call *this*? This thing certainly can't be mine. It looks as if it might belong to a man!"

"Good gracious me, mem, and so it does! Well, I never! As sure as I live, it's a gentleman's—what's—his—name? How could it have got there?"

"Through the woman's carelessness, of course. Look at it, Susan, and see if there's any name or mark upon it that you may discover whose it is."

"Oh, dear me, mem, I should not like to touch it. I knows nothing about gentlemen's wearing apparel."

"You know my things from other people's, I hope. Stuff and nonsense; do as I tell you. I say it belongs to the person's husband."

"Oh no, mem, that it can't. They're very poor people, mem. He couldn't afford to wear anything half so good as this. Look at the fineness of the lining, mem, and then the frill is real Bristles lace!"

"Indeed!—it's marked, I suppose."

"Oh yes, mem, here in the corner. Gracious goodness, if it ain't a crownet most beautifully worked, and the letter N under it. To think of that!"

"A coronet indeed! and the letter N! Do you know who she washes for?"

"Oh, dear me, no mem—I never asked such a question."

"Well, make a point of asking now. Take the thing away, and be sure you desire Mrs. Jones—if that's her name—to take it back and send home my proper garment. It's perfectly ridiculous."

The above colloquy took place one morning in the dressing-room of Mrs. Trevelyan, a very pretty young widow, who occupied the first and second floors of 53 Harley street. In early life, when barely eighteen, she made a *mariage de convenance*, or rather it had been made for her, for she had no voice in the matter, an uncle, upon whom she depended, being the sole arbiter of her fate. The gentleman who espoused her, in spite of his sixty years and disparities not less remarkable than age, looked forward to a long life of happiness with the beautiful Ethelinde Maltravers, and such was the charm of her disposition, and the natural sweetness of her temper, that he might not perhaps have been deceived, but for one of those accidents to which flesh is unfortunately heir to, and which grow thicker round our path as it draws nearer to the goal; the fact is, he died, one day, of influenza, after a brief union of little more than a year.

That he was sincerely attached to Ethelinde, the manner in which he disposed of his property made sufficiently clear. He left her sole executrix, and the succession consisted of a fine landed estate in Devonshire, and the sum of twenty thousand pounds in the three-per-cents. But Mrs. Trevelyan did not come into the property without opposition; the will was disputed by the nearest male relative, and a law-suit was the consequence. This was the cause of her being a temporary resident in London at the time when the preceding conversation occurred; for, had she consulted her own inclination, her footsteps would never have wandered in the month of June from her beautiful groves and gardens at Torcombe, in spite of the attractions of the London season. In London, however, she was; and much of her time was taken up in interviews with lawyers and men of business, so that except a late drive in the park, or an occasional party to dinner, or at the opera, Mrs. Trevelyan saw little of the gay life in which she was so well qualified, both by nature and accomplishments, to shine. Of the claimant to her late husband's estates, she knew nothing more than that he was a young man of rank, who, like many of his class, was in want of money to meet expenses and relieve incumbrances, and she believed he was abroad, though probably hastening homeward as the period drew near of bringing the law-suit, in which he had embarked by the advice of friends, to a close. Though naturally unwilling to forego all the advantages of her position, which she had gained by her own exemplary conduct, and conscious, at the same time, that her retention of Mr. Trevelyan's bequest was no ruinous deprivation of the rights of the next heir, Ethelinde would willingly have agreed to an amicable compromise, by the advance of a reasonable sum of money to meet the alleged necessities of the young nobleman, her antagonist. But the affair was so entirely in the hands of the lawyers, that no opportunity offered of proposing terms to the principal, and, moreover, Mrs. Trevelyan was so uncertain of his "whereabouts," that she could find no direct means of communicating with him.

Matters were, therefore, left to take their course.

II.

Why, what o' devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?
—*Taming of the Shrew.*

Half-past seven o'clock was striking by the clock of St. James's Church, as Lord Norham dismounted at the foot of the steps leading into the Albany in Piccadilly. After glancing admiringly at the beautiful thorough-bred bay which he had ridden, and examining, with some care, one of the animal's shoulders, which seemed less glossy than the rest of his coat, Lord Norham patted the "poor fellow" on the neck, and with a word of instruction consigned him to his groom, and went in to dress for dinner.

"This," he said, as he walked towards letter D., where he was housed in a friend's chambers, "this is one of the discomforts of civilized life! To be compelled to put on a formal dress for the hours which offer the greatest enjoyment; to case one's self up in a starched cravat and stiff coat when inclination would lead one rather to throw both aside. These are amongst the penalties one must pay for living in the societies of great cities. Oh, the unspeakable comfort of wearing the loose, easy robes of the East, or the *neglige* of the shores of the Mediterranean? Oh, the delicious nights on the roof-tops of Damascus, on the deck of my own Gulnare, or in the *patios* of Granada! What a contrast to the fettered existence to which I have been compelled to return! But, unluckily, one can obtain nothing in this world without money, and money I certainly want. I wish I could have lingered through another winter in Malta, in Greece, in Sicily, in dearest Naples—anywhere rather than have returned home, though it *is* the season. But those friends, those friends—who will take greater care of your interests than you do yourself, and who make you follow the customs of the world, accusing you of apathy, disregard of self-respect, and want of consideration for others, if you fail to adopt their views or act up to their wishes? But for them I should never have entered into this troublesome law-suit. What did it signify to me to whom my old cousin, Trevelyan, left the money? He had a right to do as he liked with it, for he made the greater part of it in India by the sweat of his brow. And forsooth, because he succeeded to a landless house—all his patrimony—and made it, by his wealth, the centre of a large estate, the lawyers must interpose and say that the nearest of kin has a claim. Not that I should have had the slightest objection to his property if he had left it to me in his will; on the contrary, for it would have prevented me from doing what, most likely, I shall be obliged one day to do, marry an heiress for the sake of her money; but I hate the bore of a law-suit, ripping up all one's private concerns, and laying them open to the staring public, besides a world of misconstruction as to conduct and motives. I know nothing of Mrs. Trevelyan; but from what I have heard, she always conducted herself very well, and, to say the least of it, she deserved some compensation for the sacrifice she made in marrying a man so old and yellow as my cousin. They say, too, she is very pretty; it's money that makes people say that, I'll be bound. I'd lay a heavy wager she is not half so lovely as that fascinating creature who was frightened to-day in the park. I wonder who she can be! The carriage had only a simple cipher on the panels, and the servants were in the plainest possible livery, but she is certainly somebody! So much beauty and such dignity of manner cannot belong to a *parvenu*. It was lucky I rode up as I did, or the stupid coachman would decidedly have upset the carriage into the Serpentine. I was afraid Conrad had hurt his shoulder, as he rushed past the tree into the water, but we got off with a few plunges and splashes. She looked pale certainly, but when she smiled her thanks her color came back, and even my own loved Damascus roses are not brighter than the glow on her cheek."

Lord Norham had by this time reached his apartments, where his attentive valet-de-chambre, an Italian, who had travelled with him for three years, was in readiness for his toilet. The young nobleman, in a somewhat abstracted mood, proceeded with his task, but his abstraction was not so great as to prevent him from making a sudden exclamation when he had got about half-way through the operation.

"Why, what the mischief's this, Antonio?" he cried out, abruptly; "I'm not going to a masquerade!"

"Milor!" ejaculated the astonished valet.

"Yes, you may well stare; see here! Why, it's something you must have picked up in the Levant. What a ridiculous shape! It looks as if it were made for a woman."

And Lord Norham, as he spoke, displayed a very delicately wrought article of raiment, of the finest linen, with a frill running round the top of the most transparent cambric and edged with the richest Valenciennes lace. It was, moreover, "curiously cut," so as to give a very graceful contour to the upper part of the garment, and a little way down in the centre appeared two small crimson letters.

"Corpo di bacco!" exclaimed the Italian, who was a married man, though he led a bachelor life; "e una camicia da donna!" ("It is von chemise of de lady.")

"A chemise, eh! How the deuce did it get here. You didn't open Mr. Percival's wardrobe by mistake; that, perhaps, would have accounted for it."

"No, milor; I could not do such ting, for de Signore Percival take his keys along vid him ven he lend your lordship his chamber."

"How came it here, then?"

"Upon my vord, milor, I do not know. Perhaps de lavandaja shall have made some mistake, and send you home some lady's dress instead of your own."

"Well, you must see about it. Meantime give me something that I can wear. Curious to send me such a thing, and you not to take any notice of it. It is very fine looking stuff."

"Oh, yes, milor, I nevare see nothing finer, and my vife she have a great deal to do in dis vay at Napoli."

"After all the shape is a very pretty one—I wonder who the owner is? I thought I saw some initials; what are they?"

"Eccolo, due lettre!—two letters, E. T.—and some figures, a 2 and 4."

"E. T. 24!" mused Lord Norham; "I wonder who she is! It would be worth while trying to find out. I say, Antonio," he continued, as he finished the bow of his cravat, for in spite of its objections to modern costume, Lord Norham piqued himself on the skill of his tie, an accomplishment really acquired at Oxford—"make a point of asking the laundress what the lady's name is—and, do you hear, don't send the camicia back till I tell you."

"I shall recollect, milor," returned Antonio, with a smile. "Your lordship's cab is at de door."

And in a few seconds Lord Norham was whirling through the streets on his way to Grosvenor Square, the images of pretty women and pretty garments contending for mastery over the claims of *salmis* and *supremes!*

III.

Look to behold this night,
Earth-treading stars, that make the dark heaven light.
—*Romeo and Juliet*

The Duke of Derbyshire gave a concert that night at Derbyshire House, at which all London was present. Ethelinde was amongst the guests, chaperoned by her aunt, the Honorable Mrs. Rushworth. It was the first great party she had been to since she came to town, for she had refused to go out generally *pendente lite;* but Derbyshire House is an exception to all rules—no one refuses to go there. It is not merely on account of the fashion which the Duke's parties confer, the positive *agremens* which they offer, nor the kind and courteous welcome given by the noble host to his guests, though these are nowhere to be met with in so great a degree, but because there is a charm about them, the secret of which has never yet been discovered, which so completely distinguishes them from all others. At Derbyshire House the light has no glare, the music no noise, the flowers breathe perfume only; every one smiles naturally; there is no *gene*, no crowd; all wear an aspect of happiness; and, as far as society alone can make people happy, they are so there.

In spite of the uncertainty of her position, Ethelinde also felt happy. She was young and beautiful, and the buoyancy of youthful spirits drove back those phantoms of the future which are ever drawing near to deform the prospect with their gloomy shadows. But here, though she knew it not then, was an incomplete happiness, for she had not yet known the pain of loving, and until that pain be felt happiness is merely an image reflected in a mirror. Was she destined to remain long in this state of ignorance? A few minutes decided the question.

After listening with rapture to strains of the most exquisite music, Mrs. Rushworth and Ethelinde left the concert-room to wander through the range of beautiful saloons which extend on either hand, admiring at every step some charming picture, some perfect piece of sculpture, or some work of art as rich as it was rare. They had nearly completed their tour when their progress was slightly obstructed by the tall figure of a young man who was leaning thoughtfully in a doorway. The rustling sound of their dresses, however, attracted his attention, and he drew on one side to allow them to pass. In doing so he turned toward them, and, to Ethelinde's surprise, she recognized the gentleman who had come to her assistance that afternoon in the park, and he beheld the lady of whom, in spite of himself, he had since then been constantly thinking.

Mrs. Trevelyan could do nothing less than bow in recognition of the service he had performed, and it was a necessity at least on the part of Lord Norham to speak.

"I hope," he said, "you have not suffered from the flurry—I suppose I must not say fear—which your unruly horses excited to-day."

"Oh, you are right to think I was afraid," replied Ethelinde earnestly, "for really the situation seemed dangerous."

"I dread, then," Lord Norham returned, "lest my ignorance or awkwardness should have contributed to your alarm."

"On the contrary, I feel perfectly certain that if you had not seized the horses' heads the carriage would have been overturned. It was very kind to venture so much for a mere stranger."

"That was a common impulse, though accident summoned me to do what I most preferred. But, after all, in society—in the world—there are no strangers. It was decreed by fate that I should meet you here to-night; the same thing would have happened had we both been in Rome or in Cairo."

"Are you so much of a predestinarian?" laughingly asked Ethelinde. "Does nothing happen but what is preordained?"

"Nothing—of consequence."

"But what can be more consequential than this casual encounter?"

"Perhaps only that of this afternoon."

"Nay, you are wrong. I should be very ungrateful if I ranked them equally."

"Forgive me, I ought not to have implied any doubt; but do not fall into the error of over-estimating the very trifling service I was so fortunate as to render you."

"Your creed of fatalism does not, I hope, exclude gratitude from the list of voluntary efforts!"

"It would be presumptuous to assign it so much scope. Fate only prepares the way; it disposes of those accidents which are material; the mind accomplishes the rest."

"But is not the mind, according to your theory, predisposed?"

"Yes; to the reception of a particular theme, but the same cause often produces opposite effects. It is like sowing an unknown seed. The earth fructifies every germ alike, whether the plant which is to spring from it be sweet or bitter, a remedy or a poison."

"You have examined these things seriously. Where have you studied?"

"In the East; not always in solitude, but often far from the haunts of men."

"You have travelled much, then?"

"I have seen many places, and some varieties of mankind—but not enough for the purpose which originally impelled me to travel."

"And you have returned with your object unaccomplished? What caused you to relinquish their pursuit?"

"I believe," said Lord Norham, looking intently at Mrs. Trevelyan, "yes, I am sure, it was fate!"

The Honorable Mrs. Rushworth must have been a lady endowed with great good nature, or a very rare patience, to have allowed this colloquy to endure without offering to interpose a word; but there are limits even to feminine forbearance, and now she spoke.

"I see," she said, "you are arguing in a circle; besides, the duke is looking round him, a sign that the music is about to recommence. Come, Ethelinde, let us go to the concert room."

Lord Norham bowed to Mrs. Trevelyn's graceful inclination as she passed on—I am not sure, even, that their eyes did not meet; but he did not attempt to follow—at least, not then.

"Who is your new acquaintance, Ethelinde?" inquired Mrs. Rushworth; "he can only have just returned from abroad, for I don't think I ever met him before."

"I am as ignorant as you, aunt, who my deliverer is, and you know also as much of my adventure."

"He is a very distinguished looking person at all events," said Mrs. Rushworth.

Ethelinde thought he was even something more, but she said nothing.

When the carriages were called that night there was at least one attentive listener in the hall with many pillars; and it was not without a thrill of pleasure, as he handed Mrs. Rushworth and her fair companion to their brougham, that Lord Norham heard the footman give the word.

"*Fifty-three, Harley.*"

IV.

Say, what strange motive, goddess! could compel
A well-bred lord to rob a gentle belle? —*Pope.*

When Lord Norham woke on the morning after the concert, the first word which he uttered was "Ethelinde," and a long sigh followed the exclamation.

Antonio, who was in the room, busied about his usual avocations, hearing his master stir, presumed that he spoke to him, and therefore addressed him:

"Milor is awake." He received no answer, but continued, "I have got some news about dat camicia. I have discover to whom it belong—a very nice lady! very beautiful, very rich!"

"Is that you, Antonio? What are you talking about? I wish you would hold your tongue?"

"Oh, very well, milor, I only tought your lordship vould be glad to know about de camicia."

"Hang the camicia!" said Lord Norham, rather petulantly; "what can it signify to me whose it is?"

"I know vere de lady live, milor."

"And I care nothing about it. If he could tell me what I *do* want to know," he muttered, "it would be something to the purpose."

"La lavandaja—de vashingvoman—have been here late last night, milor, and she tell me de owner of de chemise live at numbare fifty-tree, Harley strit."

"What do you say?" cried Lord Norham, starting up in his bed with a degree of energy that astonished even the trained Italian; "where—what?"

Antonio repeated the information.

"Make haste," said Lord Norham, "give me my dressing-gown. Stay, you were speaking of the camicia; you have not sent it back, I hope?"

"Certamente no, milor. Your lordship say I vas to keep him till forder orders."

"True—and you have it here?"

"Yes, milor."

"Bring it me directly."

The order was promptly obeyed; and to any one but a native of southern clime, cocustomed to vehement demonstrations, the eagerness with which Lord Norham seized the garment, and the thousand kisses he imprinted on the unconscious linen, would have been matter for never-ending astonishment. An English valet would have thought of his own safety, or—if he had been awake to it—of a commission of lunacy. Antonio merely waited to see how long the passion would last. It was not quickly over.

"Ethelinde! Ethelinde!" exclaimed Lord Norham. "Yes, here is the dear initial, E. But what does the other letter mean? T! —T! I heard the name of Rushworth—'the Hon. Mrs. Rushworth'—that, I suppose, was her mother. Well, it may be so still; her daughter by a first marriage—no doubt of it. What grace! what beauty! I never thought that English women could be so supremely lovely! I must find out all about her. I don't think she is engaged; she did not look as if another occupied her thoughts. Well, this law-suit has led to something that the lawyers who devised it never dreamt of. It may take its own course for what I care, provided I can once more see my own, my dearest Ethelinde!"

But the law is more prosaic than even lovers imagine, and Lord Norham was scarcely dressed before he received a letter from Essex street informing him that it was absolutely essential for his interests that he should attend that morning, at 11 o'clock, to meet that eminent counsel, Mr. Scatterdust, to discuss finally the question of the succession to the estate of the late Mr. Trevelyan. The letter was signed "Gabriel Quirk," and prayed his immediate attention.

"What an infernal bore!" he exclaimed, as he threw down the missive; "I suppose I *must* attend—indeed, I may as well go there as anywhere else at such an early hour. Of course, she is not up yet. Antonio, desire Stevens to be here with the cab at a quarter to eleven, and let me have some breakfast."

We leave Lord Norham to discuss his meal with such appetite as love has left him, and return to Harley street.

It is twelve o'clock, and Ethelinde had not yet left her boudoir, though she had been up some hours, and the restlessness which haunted her couch pursued her when she quitted it. She had tried to read, but could not fix her attention on the page, and now she sat at an open secretaire, with paper before her and a pen in her hand, but her thoughts refused to flow, or wandered from the subject of her intended correspondence. Absorbed in a revery, which, to judge by the sweet serenity of her features, appeared to be a happy one, some one had twice tapped at her door unregarded, but the third knock roused her attention, and she bade the intruder come in.

It was Susan, and her countenance bore the signs of recent excitement, for her color was high, and her eyes sparkled.

"What is the matter, Susan?" asked Mrs. Trevelyan, calmly.

"I begs your pardon, mem, but I never heard tell of anything like it. To go for to keep a basticle of dress like that, and then refuse to restore it when perlitely hasked, is one of them things as I can't bring myself to understand. He positively objects to send it back, mem!"

"To send what back, Susan? I really don't know what you mean."

"Why, mem, it's all about your apparel, mem. I scolded the laundress finely yesterday, and she promised to do her best to find it. She knew at once who the other thing, mem, belonged to—a young nobleman living in Halbany—and in the evening she went there and saw my lord's wally-de-sham, and said she supposed there was some mistake, and that the lining had got mixed. At first he said, in his gibberish, for Mrs. Jones says he is one of them mad forriners, and he didn't know nothing at all about it, but Mrs. Jones says he was a larfin when he spoke, which convinced her that he know'd where to set his ands on it, and she begged he'd be so good as to look, for that lady was in want of the basticle."

"That was very ridiculous," said Mrs. Trevelyan, blushing as she spoke. "I wish you would finish the stupid story. I am sorry I ever made any inquiry on the subject."

"Well, mem, Mrs. Jones was only a-doing of what she thought her duty, for I said to her, 'Mrs. Jones,' says I, 'don't let me see your face again within that there!' and so she went again to the Halbany this morning, and taxed my lord's wally with a-having of it, for she'd been round to every one as she washes for, and know'd it couldn't be nowhere else; and what do you think, mem, was the hanser as the himperent feller give her?"

"Dear me! how can I possibly tell? To think of having one's thoughts disturbed by such nonsense as this."

"He said, mem—it's as true as I stand here—my lord, mem—had locked it up in his own bure, and that he was ordered to pay for it, for that it wouldn't be given back to nobody but the honsener."

"I never heard of anything so absurd! And did she really come away without it?"

"She was forced to, mem. But she wouldn't give up the other thing, no how, mem. The wally larfed and joked in his forrineering manner, and said as how it was of no use to you, mem, and that she'd much better give it up, for that he wanted to wear it hisself, as he was a-going to the hopperer this bevening; but Mrs. Jones couldn't be persuaded to, and so the trumpery barticle is come back again, mem."

"I must say, I think it very singular conduct," observed Mrs. Trevelyan, compelled by the strangeness of the affair to take some notice of it. "Have you any idea of who this young nobleman is? not that it is of any use knowing; indeed, it would be better not to be acquainted with his name, except to avoid him if one happened to meet him."

"Oh, yes, mem—Mrs. Jones knows; she did mention it to me, but I never pays no attention to gentlemen's names; I can ask her again, mem, for she is down stairs now."

Susan departed on her errand without any opposition from her mistress, and presently returned with the required information.

"Gracious, mem! Would you believe it? It's as true as I live, but the gentleman, mem, is young Lord Norham, poor Mr. Trevelyan's cousin."

"Lord Norham!" said Mrs. Trevelyan, in astonishment. "Impossible, Susan, Lord Norham is not in England!"

"Oh, yes, mem—he is; he came home about ten days ago; the wally said it was very sudding, for they was in Italy, Rome, and Naples, only, it might be, about a month since."

"That accounts, then," said Mrs. Trevelyan, to herself, "for Mr. Quillet's desire that I should remain in town. Lord Norham carries on a strange warfare; he not only seeks to deprive me of my estate, but lays violent hands on my personal effects. What can he mean by it? Order the carriage, Susan; as soon as I am dressed I shall go to Mrs. Rushworth's."

V.

My only love sprung from my only hate.
—*Romeo and Juliet.*

Lord Norham's groom had dismounted, and was crossing the pavement to knock at No. 53 Harley street, when a pretty brougham (a brougham is pretty sometimes, despite the association) drove rapidly up to the door. Lord Norham recognized not only the mazarine blue carriage and the spirited cream-colored horses that drew it, but caught a glimpse of their fair owner; and recalling his servant, leapt lightly from his saddle, and approached the carriage window.

"I don't know why I find myself here without invitation," he said; "but I am fairly caught in the act. I wished to pay my respects to—to," he hesitated for a moment, and then, with an effort, brought out, "Mrs. Rushworth."

Ethelinde saw his artifice, and smiled.

"My aunt," she replied, "does not live here. I have just come from her house in Grosvenor street."

Lord Norham appeared to take no notice of the explanation.

"Allow me," he said, "to assist you from your carriage, and," he added, in a subdued, but earnest tone, "to explain the motive of my appearance."

Ethelinde bowed gravely, accepted his proffered hand, and they entered the house together. When they reached the drawing-room she took a chair near one of the windows, and motioned to Lord Norham to sit down also, for she felt too much agitated to speak.

He did not, however, accept the invitation, but stood for a few moments irresolute, as if uncertain how to commence a conversation which he had sought in so unusual a manner. At length he spoke.

"I am sure," he began—"that is, I hope—you will forgive the step I have taken, in presenting myself before you without an introduction; but the truth is, I expected to have been able to plead as my apology a friendship which I formed in the East with a relation of Mrs. Rushworth. Had I known to whom I was speaking last night, before the party broke up, I should not have been placed in this awkward predicament."

"You have characterized it rightly," returned Ethelinde, with some degree of coldness; "the situation is, at least, peculiar."

"I am afraid," said Lord Norham, advancing a step nearer, "I am afraid I have offended you, and heaven knows that is the last object of my thoughts; but, what shall I say—I could not resist the temptation of making an inquiry after you this morning, particularly when I was led to believe that you were the sister of the man who saved my life as I was travelling last year between Beyrout and Damascus."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Ethelinde; "were you the Englishman whose escort fled when attacked by a party of Bedouins in the Lebanon, and whom my cousin Charles was so fortunate as to rescue? He wrote to us all about the adventure, but, with the carelessness that marks everything he does, never told us who he had assisted, but contented himself with saying that it was a feature of life in the desert which had led to very agreeable consequences."

"It was no other than myself to whose aid he came so opportunely, or I might not have lived to tell the story; though, after all," and this was said with an accent of bitterness, "life is, perhaps, a questionable blessing."

"Surely not," observed Ethelinde, "if it enables us to render any—the slightest service to our fellow-creatures."

"But my life, I fear," said Lord Norham, "is destined to be a torment to others, even against my will. At this very moment, while I am speaking to you, I am in the act—passively, it is true—of inflicting a most serious injury upon a person whom I have never seen, and whom, moreover, I have every reason to respect."

"But you are not such a fatalist as to believe that you have not the power of preventing yourself from doing wrong?"

"Certainly not, in my own person, but there are occasions when one is compelled to allow others to act for him."

"I can conceive no combination of events so compulsory as to make one act against one's own conscience, either in person or by deputy; that is to say, if you entertain feelings such as you describe."

Lord Norham gazed intently on the animated speaker, and her words fell on his ear with the conviction of truth.

"You are right," he said, "and whatever it costs me, I will neither be a wrong-doer myself nor suffer wrong to be done in my name. It will, at any rate, console me for the brevity of this interview, which I fear will be my first and last; for," he continued, with a melancholy accent, "I must once more be a wanderer."

"You will not leave—that is, quit England, without allowing my aunt to make the acquaintance of her son's friend, without"—she hesitated—"without giving me the satisfaction of knowing who it was that rendered me an essential service, to whom I am indebted, perhaps, for my life."

"And I have been so utterly forgetful of all the laws of courtesy as to continue anonymous? Heavens, yes! I gave my card to my groom to deliver at the door, and forgot that you could not have received it. My name is Lord Norham."

Had a mine been suddenly sprung in the drawing-room, Ethelinde could not have been more astonished than by this announcement. She started to her feet, and became pale and red by turns, as the various thoughts which that name excited awoke rapidly within her. She beheld at the same moment the enemy of her social position, whose success would involve her in comparative ruin, the bizarre young man who had acted so ridiculously about the disputed garment, and—she could not disguise it from herself—she saw before her one who evidently regarded her with no common interest. That she was perfectly unknown to him, seemed quite certain, for he had mistaken her for Mrs. Rushworth's daughter, but then what could have made him act so absurdly in other respects? He surely did not mean to speak to her on the subject. The bare idea made her feel as if she were about to sink into the earth; she would rather have lost a thousand lawsuits than have run the risk of this unhappy restitution. Amazement, fear, mistrust—so many contending emotions were imprinted on her countenance that Lord Norham gazed on her in mute wonder. Ethelinde felt the embarrassment of their mutual position, and made an effort to recover herself.

"I was so unprepared," she said, "so surprised to hear your lordship's name that—that—I beg you will excuse me"—and she leant against her chair for support.

"Gracious heaven!" he exclaimed, "what is the matter? What have I unfortunately said to cause this alarm?" and he took her hand as he spoke.

"You will understand all," replied Ethelinde, disengaging herself, "when I tell you that I—am—the widow of the late Mr. Trevelyan."

It was Lord Norham's turn to be astonished, but his astonishment soon gave way to rapture. Ethelinde had sunk into a chair and covered her face with her hands. He came closer to her.

"Mrs. Trevelyan," he said, "dear Mrs. Trevelyan, how gladly would I have spared you the pain of this moment, how willingly have foregone it—despite the happiness which it has given me. Hear me, Mrs. Trevelyan—Ethelinde"—she started at hearing him thus name her—"dearest Ethelinde!" again he took her hand, "why should we be foes? Before I knew who you were I had ceased to be so—your generosity had conquered my selfishness—be generous again, and pardon one who never meant to offend, who loves you, Ethelinde, dearer than life itself."

Is it not Camoens who sings:

"Let no one say that there is need
Of time for love to grow?"

And do not all who have ever truly loved admit that a single moment suffices to color every future hour of existence? To such—and doubtless they form the majority of my readers—I need not minutely tell how the lawsuit ended to the discomfiture of Messrs. Quillet and Quirk, how Mrs. Trevelyan became Lady Norham, and how the "Camicia rapita" was disposed of. To the best of my belief the last named subject was never adverted to, though Lord Norham smiled very mysteriously the first time he saw the preparations making for his bride's *trousseau*.

As for Susan, she never ceased wondering at "the way things is brought about."

"To think," she used to say, lifting up her hands and eyes, "to think of my lord and lady being introduced to each other by means of a *simmicher*, as the forrin wally calls that chem—!"

A TOSS UP FOR A HUSBAND.

I.

The Marchioness was at her toilet. Florine and Aspasia, her two ladies maids, were busy powdering, as it were with hoar-frost, the bewitching widow.

She was a widow, this Marchioness; a widow of twenty-three; and wealthy, as very few persons were any longer at the court of Louis XV., her godfather.

Three-and-twenty years earlier, his Majesty had held her at the baptismal font of the chapel at Marly, and had settled upon her an income of a hundred thousand livres, by way of proving to her father, the Baron Fontorrault, who had saved his life at the battle of Fontenoy, that kings can be grateful whatever people choose to say to the contrary.

The Marchioness then was a widow. She resided, during the summer, in a charming little chateau, situated half-way up the slope overhanging the water, on the road from Bougival to Saint Germain. Madame Dubarry's estate joined hers; and on opening her eyes she could see, without rising, the white gable-ends and the wide-spreading chestnut-trees of Luciennes, perched upon the heights. On this particular day—it was noon—the Marchioness, whilst her attendants dressed her hair and arranged her head-dress with the most exquisite taste, gravely employed herself in tossing up, alternately, a couple of fine oranges, which crossed each other in the air, and then dropped into the white and delicate hands that caught them in their fall.

This sleight-of-hand—which the Marchioness interrupted at times whilst she adjusted a beauty-spot on her lip, or cast an impatient glance on the crystal clock that told how time was running away with the fair widow's precious moments—had lasted for ten minutes, when the folding-doors were thrown open, and a valet, such as one sees now only on the stage, announced with pompous voice—"The King!"

Apparently, the Marchioness was accustomed to such visits, for she but half rose from her seat, as she saluted with her most gracious smile the personage who entered.

It was indeed Louis XV. himself—Louis XV. at sixty-five; but robust, upright, with smiling lip and beaming eye, and jauntily clad in a close-fitting pearl grey hunting-suit, that became him to perfection. He carried under his arm a handsome fowling-piece, inlaid with mother-of-pearl; a small pouch, intended for ammunition alone, hung over his shoulder.

The King had come from Luciennes almost alone, that is to say, with a Captain of the Guard, the old Marshal de Richelieu, and a single equerry on foot. He had been amusing himself with quail-shooting, loading his own gun, as was the fashion with his ancestors, the later Valois and the earlier Bourbons. His grandsire, Henry IV., could not have been less ceremonious.

But a shower of hail had surprised him; and his Majesty had no relish for it. He pretended that the fire of an enemy's battery was less disagreeable than those drops of water, so small and so hard, that wetted him through, and reminded him of his twinges of rheumatism.

Fortunately, he was but a few steps from the gateway of the chateau when the shower commenced. He had come, therefore, to take shelter with his god-daughter, having dismissed his suite, and only keeping with him a magnificent pointer, whose genealogy was fully established by the Duke de Richelieu, and traced back, with a few slips in orthography, directly to Nisus, that celebrated greyhound given by Charles IX. to his friend Ronsard, the poet.

"Good morning, Marchioness," said the King, as he entered, putting down his fowling-piece in a corner. "I have come to ask your hospitality. We were caught in a shower at your gate—Richelieu and I. I have packed off Richelieu."

"Ah, Sire, that wasn't very kind of you."

"Hush!" replied the King, in a good-humored tone. "It's only mid-day; and if the Marshal had forced his way in here at so early an hour he would have bragged of it everywhere, this very evening. He is very apt to compromise one, and he is a great coxcomb, too, the old Duke. But don't put yourself out of the way, Marchioness. Let Aspasia finish this becoming pile of your head-dress, and Florine spread out with her silver knife the scented powder that blends so with the lilies and the roses of your bewitching face. . . . . Why, Marchioness, you're so pretty, one could eat you up!"

"You think me so, Sire?"

"I tell you so every day. Oh, what fine oranges!"

And the King seated himself upon the roomy sofa, by the side of the Marchioness, whose rosy finger-tips he kissed with an infinity of grace. Then taking up one of the oranges he had admired, he proceeded leisurely to examine it.

"But," said he, at length, "what are oranges doing by the side of your Chinese powder-box and your scent-bottles? Is there any connection between this fruit and the maintenance—easy as it is, Marchioness—of your charms?"

"These oranges," replied the lady, gravely, "fulfilled just now, Sire, the functions of destiny."

The King opened wide his eyes, and stroked the long ears of his dog, by way of giving the Marchioness time to explain her meaning.

"It was the Countess who gave them to me," she continued.

"Madame Dubarry?"

"Exactly so, Sire."

"A trumpery gift, it seems to me, Marchioness."

"I hold it, on the contrary, to be an important one; since I repeat to your Majesty, that these oranges decide my fate."

"I give it up," said the King.

"Imagine, Sire; yesterday I found the Countess occupied in tossing her oranges up and down this way." And the Marchioness recommenced her game with a skill that cannot be described.

"I see," said the King; "she accompanied this singular amusement with the words, 'Up, Choiseul! up, Praslin!' and, on my word, I can fancy how the pair jumped."

"Precisely so, Sire."

"And do you dabble in politics, Marchioness? Have you a fancy for uniting with the Countess, just to mortify my poor ministers?"

"By no means, Sire; for, in place of Monsieur de Choiseul and the Duke de Praslin, I was saying to myself just now, 'Up, Menneval! up, Beaugency!'"

"Aye, aye," returned the King; "and why the deuce would you have them jumping, these two good-looking gentlemen—Monsieur de Menneval, who is a Crœsus, and Monsieur de Beaugency, who is a statesman, and dances the minuet to perfection."

"I'll tell you," said the lady. "You know, Sire, that Monsieur de Menneval is an accomplished gentleman, a handsome man, a gallant cavalier, an indefatigable dancer, witty as Monsieur Arouet, and longing for nothing so much as to live in the country, on his estate in Touraine, on the banks of the Loire, with the woman whom he loves or will love, far from the court, from grandeur and turmoil."

"And, on my life, he's in the right of it," quoth the King. "One does become so wearied at court."

"Aye, and no," rejoined the widow, as she put on her last beauty spot. . . . . "Nor are you aware, Sire, that Monsieur de Beaugency is one of the most brilliant courtiers of Marly and of Versailles; ambitious; burning with zeal for the service of your Majesty; as brave as Monsieur Menneval; and capable of going to the end of the earth . . with the title of Ambassador of the King of France."

"I know that," chimed in Louis XV., with a laugh. "But, alas, I have more ambassadors than embassies. My antechambers overflow every morning."

"Now," continued the Marchioness, "I have been a widow . . . those two years past."

"A long time, there's no denying."

"Ah," sighed she, "there's no need to tell me so, Sire. But Monsieur de Menneval loves me . . . . at least he says so, and I am easily persuaded."

"Very well; then marry Monsieur de Menneval."

"I have thought of it, Sire; and in truth, I might do much worse. I should like well enough to live in the country, under the willow trees, on the borders of the river, with a husband, fond, yielding, loving, who would detest the philosophers and set some little value on the poets. When no external noises disturb the honeymoon, that month, Sire, may be indefinitely prolonged. In the country, you know, one never hears a noise."

"Unless it be the north wind moaning in the corridor, and the rain pattering on the window-panes." And the King shivered slightly on his sofa.

"But," added the lady, "Monsieur de Beaugency loves me equally well."

"Ah, ah! the ambitious man!"

"Ambition does not shut out love, Sire, Monsieur de Beaugency is a marquis; he is twenty-five; he is ambitious. I should like a husband vastly who was longing to reach high office of state. Greatness has its own particular merit."

"Then marry Monsieur de Beaugency."

"I have thought of that, also; but this poor Monsieur de Menneval."

"Very good," exclaimed the King, laughing; "now I see to what purposes the oranges are destined. Monsieur de Menneval pleases you; Monsieur de Beaugency would suit you just as well; and since one can't have more than one husband, you make them each jump in turn."

"Just so, Sire. But observe what happens."

"Ah, what does happen?"

"That, unwilling and unable to play unfairly, I take equal pains to catch the two oranges as they come down; and that I catch them both each time."

"Well, are you willing that I should take part in your game."

"You, Sire? Ah, what a joke that would be!"

"I am very clumsy, Marchioness. To a certainty, in less than three minutes Beaugency and Menneval will be rolling on the floor."

"Ah!" exclaimed the lady; "and if you have any preference for one or the other."

"No; we'll do better. Look, I take the two oranges . . . you mark them carefully—or, better still, you stick into one of them one of these toilet pins, making up your own mind which of the two is to represent Monsieur de Beaugency, and leaving me, on that point, entirely in the dark. If Monsieur de Beaugency touch the floor, you shall marry his rival; if it happens just otherwise, you shall resign yourself to become an ambassadress."

"Excellent! Now, Sire, let's see the result."

The King took the two oranges and plied shuttle with them above his head. But, at the third pass, the two rolled down upon the embroidered carpet, and the Marchioness broke out into a merry fit of laughter.

"I foresaw as much," exclaimed his Majesty. "What a clumsy fellow I am!"

"And we more puzzled than ever, Sire."

"So we are, Marchioness; but the best thing we can do is to slice the oranges, sugar them well, and season them with a dash of West India rum. Then you can beg me taste them, and offer me some of those preserved cherries and peaches that you put up just as nicely as my daughter Adelaide."

"And Monsieur de Menneval; and Monsieur de Beaugency?" said the Marchioness, in piteous accents. "How is the question to be settled?"

Louis XV. began to cogitate.

"Are you quite sure," said he, "that both of them are in love with you?"

"Probably so," returned she, with a little coquettish smile, sent back to her from the mirror opposite.

"And their love is equally strong?"

"I trust so, Sire."

"And I don't believe a word of it."

"Ah!" said the Marchioness; "but that is, in truth, a most terrible supposition. Besides, Sire, they are on their way hither."

"Both of them?"

"One after the other: the Marquis at one o'clock precisely; the Baron at two. I promised them my decision to-morrow, on condition that they would pay me a final visit to-day."

As the Marchioness finished, the valet, who had announced the King, came to inform his mistress that Monsieur de Beaugency was in the drawing-room, and solicited the favor of admission to pay his respects.

"Capital!" said Louis XV., smiling as though he were eighteen; "show Monsieur de Beaugency in. Marchioness, you will receive him, and tell him the price that you set upon your hand."

"And what is this price, Sire?"

"You must give him the choice—either to renounce you, or to consent to send in to me his resignation of his appointments, in order that he may go and bury himself with his wife on his estate of Courtec, in Poitou, there to live the life of a country gentleman."

"And then, Sire?"

"You will allow him a couple of hours for reflection, and so dismiss him."

"And in the end?"

"The rest is my concern." And the King got up, taking his dog and his gun, and concealed himself behind a screen, drawing also a curtain, that he might be completely hidden.

"What is your intention, Sire?" asked the Marchioness.

"I conceal myself, like the kings of Persia, from the eyes of my subjects," replied Louis XV. "Hush, Marchioness!"

A few moments later, and Monsieur de Beaugency entered the room.

II.

The Marquis was a charming cavalier; tall, slight, with a moustache black and curling upwards, an eye sparkling and intelligent, a Roman nose, an Austrian lip, a firm step, a noble and imposing presence.

The Marchioness blushed slightly at sight of him, but offered him her hand to kiss; and as she begged him by a gesture to be seated, thus inwardly took counsel with herself:

"Decidedly, I believe that the test is useless; it is Monsieur de Beaugency whom I love. How proud shall I be to lean upon his arm at the court fetes! With what delight shall I keep long watches in the cabinet of his Excellency the Ambassador, while he is busy with his Majesty's affairs."

But after this "aside," the Marchioness resumed her gracious and coquettish air; as though the woman comprehended the mission of refined gallantry which was reserved for her seductive and delicate epoch by an indulgent Providence, that laid by its anger and its evil days for the subsequent reign.

"Marchioness," said Monsieur de Beaugency, as he held in his hands the rosy fingers of the lovely widow, "it is fully a week since you received me!"

"A week? why, you were here yesterday!"

"Then I must have counted the hours for ages."

"A compliment which may be found in one of the younger Crebillon's books!"

"You are hard upon me, Marchioness."

"Perhaps so, . . . it comes naturally. . . . I am tired."

"Ah, Marchioness! Heaven knows that I would make of your existence one never-ending fete!"

"That would, at least, be wearisome."

"Say a word, Madam, one single word, and my fortune, my future prospects, my ambition!—"

"You are still, then, as ambitious as ever?"

"More than ever, since I have been in love with you."

"Is that necessary?"

"Beyond a doubt. Ambition—what is it but honors, wealth, the envious looks of impotent rivals, the admiration of the crowd, the favor of Monarchs? . . . And is not one's love unanswerably and most triumphantly proved in laying all this at the feet of the woman whom one adores?"

"You may be right."

"I may be right, Marchioness! Listen to me, my fair lady love."

"I am all attention, sir."

"Between us, who are well born, and consort not with plebeians, that vulgar and sentimental sort of love which is painted by those who write books for your mantua-makers and chambermaids, would be in exceedingly bad taste. It would be but slighting love and making no account of its enjoyment, were we to go and bury it in some obscure corner of the provinces, or of Paris—we, who belong to Versailles—living away there with it, in monotonous solitude and unchanging contemplation!"

"Ah!" said the Marchioness, "you think so?"

"Tell me rather of fetes that dazzle one with lights, with noise, with smiles, with wit, through which one glides intoxicated, with the fair conquest in triumph on one's arm. . . . Why hide one's happiness, in place of parading it? The jealousy of the world does but increase, and cannot diminish it. My uncle, the Cardinal, stands well at Court. He has the King's ear, and, better still, the Countess'. He will, ere long, procure me one of the northern embassies. Cannot you fancy yourself, Madame the Ambassadress, treading on the dais of a drawing-room, as royalty with royalty, with the highest nobility of a kingdom—having the men at your feet, and the women on lower seats around you, whilst you yourself are occupant of a throne and wield a sceptre?"

And as Monsieur de Beaugency warmed with his own eloquence, he gently slid from his seat to the knees of the Marchioness, whose hand he covered with kisses.

She listened to him, with a smile on her lips, and then abruptly said to him—

"Rise, sir, and hear me in turn. Are you in truth sincerely attached to me?"

"With my whole soul, Marchioness!"

"Are you prepared to make every sacrifice?"

"Every one, Madam."

"That is fortunate indeed; for to be prepared for all, is to accomplish one, one, without the slightest difficulty; and it is but a single one that I require."

"Oh, speak! Must a throne be conquered?"

"By no means, sir. You must only call to mind that you own a fine chateau in Poitou."

"Pooh!" said Monsieur de Beaugency; "a shed."

"Every man's house is his castle," replied the widow. "And having called it to mind, you need only order post-horses."

"For what purpose?"

"To carry me off to Courlac. It is there that your almoner shall unite us, in the chapel, in presence of your domestics and your vassals, our only witnesses."

"A singular whim, Marchioness; but I submit to it."

"Very well. We will set out this evening . . . Ah! I forgot."

"What further?"

"Before starting, you will send in your resignation to the King."

Monsieur de Beaugency almost bounded from his seat.

"Do you dream of that, Marchioness?"

"Assuredly. You will not, at Courlac, be able to perform your duties at Court."

"And on returning?"

"We will not return."

"We will—not—return!" slowly ejaculated Monsieur de Beaugency. "Where then shall we proceed?"

"Nowhere. We will remain at Courlac."

"All the summer?"

"And all the winter. I count upon settling myself there, after our marriage. I have a horror of the Court—I do not like the turmoil. Grandeur wearies me. . . . I look forward only to a simple and charming country life, to the tranquil and happy existence of the forgotten lady of the castle. . . . . What matters it to you? You were ambitious for my love's sake. I care but little for ambition; you ought to care for it still less, since you are in love with me."

"But, Marchioness—"

"Hush! it's a bargain. . . . Still, for form's sake, I give you one hour to reflect. There, pass out that way; go into the winter drawing-room that you will find at the end of the gallery, and send me your answer upon a leaf of your tablets. I am about to complete my toilet, which I left unfinished to receive you."

And the Marchioness opened a door, bowed Monsieur de Beaugency into the corridor, and closed the door upon him.

"Marchioness," cried the King, from his hiding place and through the screen, you will offer Monsieur de Menneval the embassy to Prussia, which I promise you for him."

"And you will not emerge from your retreat?"

"Certainly not, Madame: it is far more amusing to remain behind the scenes. One hears all, laughs at one's ease, and is not troubled with saying anything."

It struck two. Monsieur de Menneval was announced. His Majesty remained snug, and shammed dead.

III.

Monsieur de Menneval was, at all points, a cavalier who yielded nothing to his rival, Monsieur de Beaugency. He was fair. He had a blue eye, a broad forehead, a mouth that wore a dreamy expression, and that somewhat pensive air which became so well the troubadours of France in the olden time.

We cannot say whether Monsieur de Menneval had perpetrated verse; but he loved the poets, the arts, the quiet of the fields, the sunset, the rosy dawn, the breeze sighing through the foliage, the low and mysterious tones of the harp, sounding at eve from the light bark shooting over the blue waters of the Loire—all things, in short, that harmonize with that melodious concert of the heart which passes by the name of love.

He was timid, but he passionately loved the beautiful widow; and his dearest dream was of passing his whole life at her feet, in well-chosen retirement, far from those envious lookers-on who are ever ready to fling their sarcasms on quiet happiness, and who dissemble their envy under cloak of a philosophic scepticism.

He trembled as he entered the Marchioness' boudoir. He remained standing before her, and blushed as he kissed her hand. At length, encouraged by a smile, emboldened by the solemnity of this coveted interview, he spoke to her of his love with a poetic sympathy and an unpremeditated warmth of heart—the genuine enthusiasm of a priest who has faith in the object of his adoration.

And as he spoke, the Marchioness sighed, and said within herself:

"He is right. Love is happiness. Love is to be two indeed, but one at the same time; and to be free from those importunate intermeddlers, the indifference of the mocking attention of the world."

She remembered, however, the advice of the King, and thus addressed the Baron:

"What will you indeed do, in order to convince me of your affection?"

"All that man can do."

The Baron was less bold than Monsieur de Beaugency, who had talked of conquering a throne. He was probably more sincere.

"I am ambitious," said the widow.

"Ah!" replied Monsieur Menneval, sorrowfully.

"And I would that the man whom I marry should aspire to everything, and achieve everything."

"I will try so to do, if you wish it."

"Listen; I give you an hour to reflect. I am, you know, the King's god-daughter. I have begged of him an embassy for you."

"Ah!" said Monsieur de Menneval, with indifference.

"He has granted my request. If you love me, you will accept the offer. We will be married this evening, and your excellency, the Ambassador to Prussia, will set off for Berlin immediately after the nuptials. Reflect; I grant you an hour."

"It is useless," answered Monsieur de Menneval; "I have no need of reflection, for I love you. Your wishes are my orders; to obey you is my only desire. I accept the embassy."

"Never mind!" said she, trembling for joy, and blushing deeply. "Pass into the room wherein you were just now waiting. I must complete my toilet, and I shall then be at your service. I will summon you."

The Marchioness handed out the Baron by the right hand door, as she had handed out the Marquis by the left, and then said to herself:

"I shall be prettily embarrassed, if Monsieur de Beaugency should consent to end his days at Courlac!"

Thereupon the King removed the screen and reappeared.

His Majesty stepped quietly to the round table, whereupon he had placed the oranges, and took up one of them.

"Ah!" exclaimed the Marchioness, "I perceive, Sire, that you foresee the difficulty that is about to spring up, and go back accordingly to the oranges, in order to settle it."

As his sole reply, Louis XV. took a small ivory-handled penknife from his waistcoat pocket, made an incision in the rind of the orange, peeled it off very neatly, divided the fruit into two parts, and offered one to the astonished Marchioness.

"But, Sire, what are you doing?" was her eager inquiry.

"You see that I am eating the orange."

"But—"

"It was of no manner of use to us."

"You have decided, then?"

"Unquestionably. Monsieur de Menneval loves you better than Monsieur de Beaugency."

"That is not quite certain yet; let us wait."

"Look," said the King, pointing to the valet, who entered with a note from the Marquis. "We'll soon see."

The widow opened the note and read:—

Madam, I love you—Heaven is my witness; and to give you up is the most cruel of sacrifices. But I am a gentleman. A gentleman belongs to the King. My life, my blood are his. I cannot without forfeit of my loyalty abandon his service.—

"Et cetera," chimed in the King, "as was observed by the Abbe Fleury, my tutor. Marchioness, call in Monsieur Menneval."

Monsieur de Menneval entered, and was greatly troubled to see the King in the widow's boudoir.

"Baron," said his Majesty, "Monsieur de Beaugency was deeply in love with the Marchioness; but he was more deeply still in love—since he would not renounce it to please her—with the embassy to Prussia. And you, you love the Marchioness much better than you love me, since you would only enter my service for her sake. This leads me to believe that you would be but a lukewarm public servant, and that Monsieur de Beaugency will make an excellent ambassador. He will start for Berlin this evening; and you shall marry the Marchioness. I will be present at the ceremony."

"Marchioness," whispered Louis XV., in the ear of his god-daughter, "true love is that which does not shrink from a sacrifice."

And the King peeled the second orange and ate it, as he placed the hand of the widow in that of the Baron.

Then he added:

"I have been making three persons happy: the Marchioness, whose indecision I have relieved; the Baron, who shall marry her; and Monsieur de Beaugency, who will perchance prove a sorry ambassador. In all this I have only neglected my own interests, for I have been eating the oranges without sugar. . . . And yet they will have it that I am a selfish Monarch!"

☞ It is the belief of Emerson that "every one can do his best thing easiest."

☞ Signal for a barque—Pull a dog's tail.

☞ Inn-genius—A hotel clerk.

☞ There are about two hundred postmistresses in the United States.

☞ To give a man a musical name—Call him A flat.

☞ COULD NOT INTERFERE.—When Frederick the Great was memorialized to expatriate the philosopher Woeff, on account of his not being orthodox in his creed, the King returned the memorial with this endorsement:—"If said Wooff lives according to my laws, he can remain in my kingdom. If, as it is alleged, he takes upon himself to quarrel with the Lord, I cannot interfere. The Lord is able to settle all his quarrels without any interference by a poor mortal like myself."

☞ The rising generation "age" rapidly in Detroit. A mature specimen, eight years old, was hunting around the police stations for a stray father the other night. "You see," he remarked, with exultation, "the guv'ner's a little wild yet, but he'll grow out of it."

☞ They tell of a farmer in Kentucky who was so lazy that when he went to hoe corn, he worked so slowly that the shade of his broad-brimmed hat killed the plants.

☞ A Portland man has sued his barber for cutting off his moustache. The barber says he didn't see it.

☞ Hard Case, Esq., edits a paper in Illinois.

☞ "Say, Pomp, where you get dat new hat?" "Wey, at de shop, ob course." "What de price ob such a work ob art as dat?" "Dunno, Sam—dunno; de shopman wasn't dar."

☞ The pistol used by Henry Clay in his duel with John Randolph at Little Falls, on the Potomac, April 8, 1826, is on exhibition in the rooms of an East Broadway (New York) club. On the occasion of that duel the ball from Mr. Clay's pistol passed through the skirt of Mr. Randolph's coat. Mr. Randolph, however, fired his pistol in the air, chivalrously saying to his antagonist, "I do not fire at you, Mr. Clay."

☞ The government of Madagascar has certainly taken time by the forelock. Gold ore having been found in that island, it at once prohibited the search for more, and we may be sure ordered what was found to be thrown away. The reason is that "if gold is discovered in remunerative quantities there will be such a rush of Europeans to the country as will dispossess the native inhabitants.

☞ An Illinois liquor-seller keeps a temperance-pledge behind his bar, and does all in his power to induce his customers to sign it, even to the extent of giving them bad whiskey when they insist upon having their drinks.

☞ It is estimated that nine inches of dry snow on the ground is equal to one inch of water.

☞ A lady in Chicago estimates her church-going expenses at $1,587 65 a year. And this recalls an observation made by a minister of this city, that "it took $30 000 worth of horse-flesh to get his congregation together."

☞ An eloquent divine of Sheboygan county, Wisconsin, has won and wedded a female in the state prison, and the local paper announces that "the friends of the bride were opposed to the alliance." Such aristocratic class distinctions are surely out of place in a republic.

☞ A Boston grocer, who excited the ire of one of his customers by presenting at his house his bill for goods rendered, was waited upon soon after by a daughter of the debtor, who said: "I wish you wouldn't come with that bill when father's home—it makes him nervous to be dunned." The grocer apologized.

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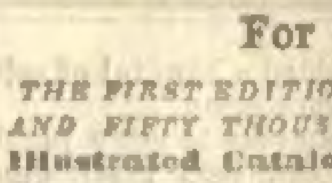

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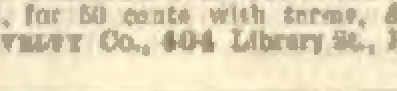

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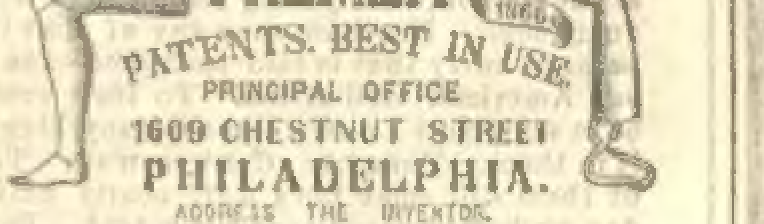

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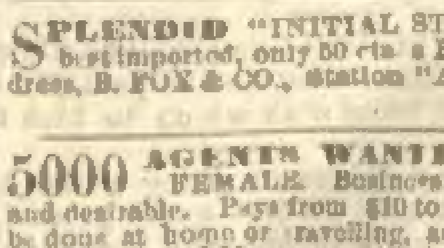

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WIT AND HUMOR.

Plumbers as Philosophers.

Speaking of the philosophical temper, there is no class of men whose society is more to be desired for this quality than that of plumbers. They are the most agreeable men I know: and the boys in the business begin to be agreeable very early. I suspect the secret of it is, that they are agreeable by the hour. In the dryest days, my fountain became disabled: the pipe was stopped up. A couple of plumbers, with the implements of their craft, came out to view the situation. There was a good deal of difference of opinion about where the stoppage was. I found the plumbers perfectly willing to sit down and talk about it—talk by the hour. Some of their guesses and remarks were exceedingly ingenious; and their general observations on other subjects were excellent in their way, and could hardly have been better if they had been made by the job. The work dragged a little—as it is apt to do by the hour. The plumbers had occasion to make me several visits. Sometimes they would find upon arrival that they had forgotten some indispensable tool; and one would, of course, go back to the shop, a mile and a half, after it; and his comrade would await his return with the most exemplary patience, and sit down and talk—always by the hour. I do not know but it is a habit to have something wanted at the shop. They seemed to be very good workmen, and always willing to stop and talk about the job, or anything else, when I went near them. Nor had they any of that impetuous hurry that is said to be the bane of our American civilization. To their credit be it said, that I never observed anything of it in them. They can afford to wait. Two of them will sometimes wait nearly half a day while a comrade goes for a tool. They are patient and philosophical. It is a great pleasure to meet such men. One only wishes there was some work he could do for *them* by the hour. There ought to be reciprocity. I think they have very nearly solved the problem of Life; it is to work for other people, never for yourself, and get your pay by the hour. You then have no anxiety, and little work. If you do things by the job, you are perpetually driven—the hours are scourges. If you work by the hour, you gently sail on the stream of Time, which is always bearing you on to the haven of Pay, whether you make any effort or not. Working by the hour tends to make one moral. A plumber working by the job, trying to unscrew a rusty, refractory nut, in a cramped position, where the tongs continually slipped off, would swear; but I never heard one of them swear, or exhibit the least impatience at such a vexation, working by the hour. Nothing can move a man who is paid by the hour. How sweet the flight of time seems to his calm mind!

A Patriotic Jury.

Mr. Charles M. Lee was a well-known criminal lawyer of Rochester, N. Y. He summed up a case with a superfluity of gesture, and an affluence of perspiration, that would have astonished even John Graham in his vehement and melting moods. Lee was defending an old revolutionary soldier for passing a forged promissory note for some thirty dollars. There was hardly the faintest doubt of his guilt; but Lee contrived to get before the jury that the prisoner, then a dare-devil boy of nineteen, was one of the storming party that followed Mad Anthony Wayne in his desperate night assault upon Stony Point, and helped to carry the wounded general into the fort during that terrible fray. In summing up, Lee, after getting over the ugly points of the evidence as he best could, then undertook to carry the jury by escalade, on the ground of the prisoner's revolutionary services. He described in graphic language the bloody attack on Stony Point, the impetuous valor of Wayne, the daring exploit of his client, and wound up with this stunning interrogatory: "Gentlemen of the jury, will you send to State Prison, for passing a contemptible thirty dollar forged note, an old hero of threescore and ten, who, in his youth, cheered the heart of his country in the darkest hour of the Revolution, by storming Stony Point?"

This was a poser. The chins of some of the jury quivered, but the foreman, a bluff farmer, put on an air which seemed to say, that storming Stony Point was a good thing enough in its line, but what had it to do with this forged note? After being out a couple of hours, the jury returned to the court-room, when the clerk went through the regular formula.

"Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed upon a verdict?"

"We have."

"Do you find the prisoner at the bar guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty, *because he stormed Stony Point,*" thundered the stalwart foreman, who, it was afterwards learned, was the last to come to an agreement.

The audience applauded, the crier rapped to order, the District Attorney objected to the recording of the verdict, and the Judge sent the jury out again, telling the foreman, in a rather sharp tone, that they must find an unconditional verdict of guilty or not guilty. After an absence of a few minutes they returned, when the foreman rendered a simple verdict of not guilty, adding, however, as he dropped into his seat:

"It was a good thing, though, Judge, for the old revolutionary cuss that he stormed Stony Point."

The Heathen Chinee.

We copy from a Western paper the following resolutions which Mr. Hendershott has introduced in the Legislature of Oregon:

Be it enacted by the Legislative Assembly of the State of Oregon:

SECTION 1. No Chinaman shall be allowed to die in this state until he has paid $10 for a new pair of boots with which to kick the bucket.

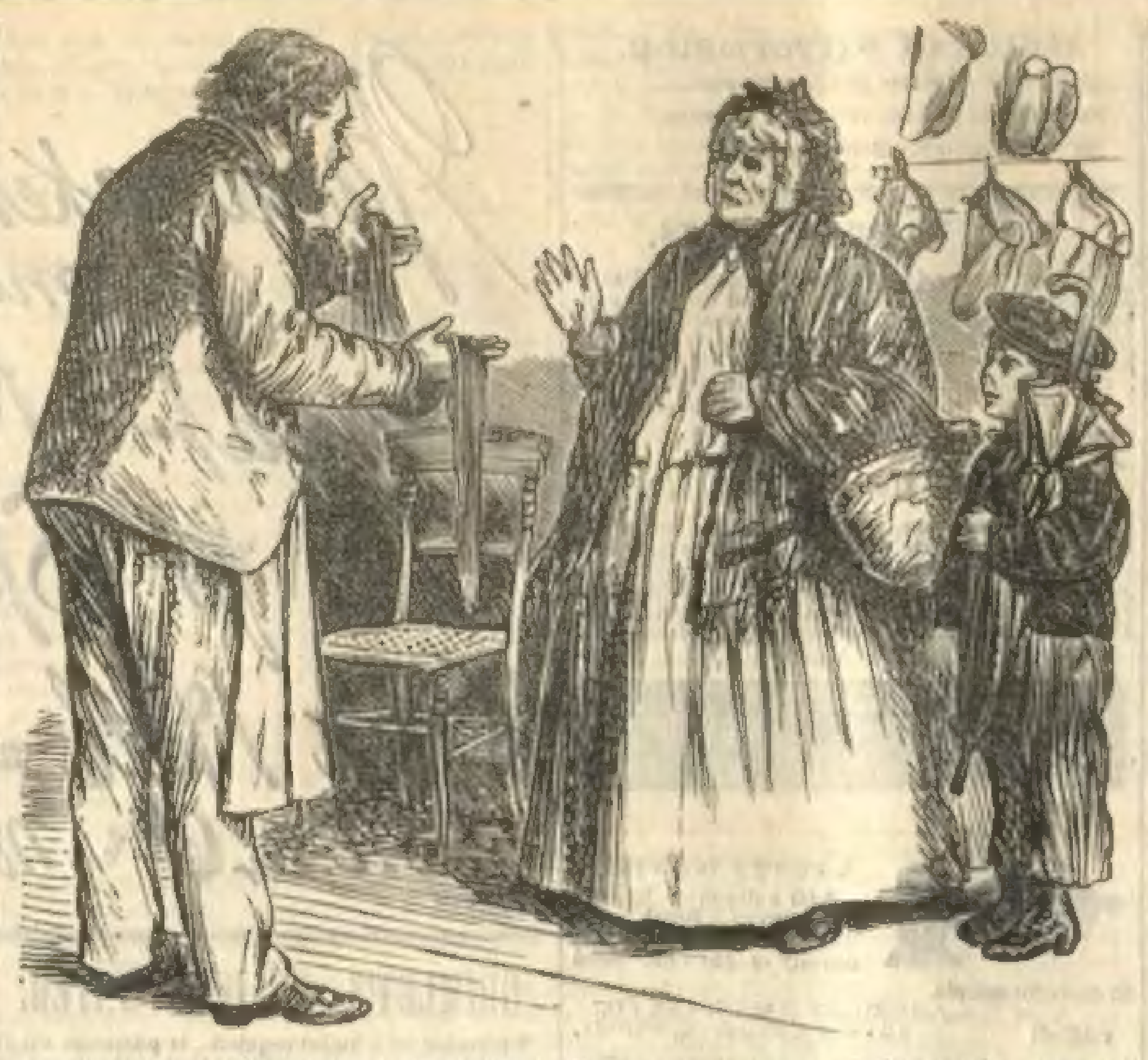
SEC. 2. Any Chinaman dying under this act shall be buried six feet under ground.

SEC. 3. Any Chinaman who attempts to dig up another Chinaman's bones shall first procure a license from the Secretary of State, for which he shall pay $4.

SEC. 4. Any dead Chinaman who attempts to dig up his own bones, without giving due notice to the Secretary of State, shall be fined $100.

SEC. 5. Any Chinaman who shall be born without bones, for the purpose of willfully and feloniously evading the provisions of this act, shall be fined $500.

THE following words actually formed the peroration to the counsel's plea for his client in an assault and battery case in Alabama: "Let the humble ass crop the thistle of the valley! Let the sagacious goat browse upon the mountain's brow; but, gentlemen of the jury, I say John Gundle is not guilty."



SHOPMAN.—"Shoelaces? Yes, m'm: allow me to recommend these, m'm,—remarkable endoorin'—made o' *porpus* skin!"

LADY.—"Good gracious! Is that what they do with them? Well, I have heard of cruelty in workhouses: but shoelaces of *paupers'* skin!" [*Collapses.*

THE TWILIGHT PORCH.

BY JOHN W. OVERALL.

I would barter to-night a ton of gold
For an hour of the love-lit days of old,
When the cool south wind in its flow and float,
Just from the tropic's fragrant throat,
Rocked the leaves of the summer trees
As it rocks the boats of the Mexic seas.

As I sit alone in the porch to-night,
In the self same chair and the dim twilight,
I miss the voice of a gentle girl,
And the touch of an overhanging curl;
The trust that knew no shock or check,
The clinging arms around my neck,
And the eyes that said when bent on me,
God marries, you know, the vine to the tree.

I thought just then as I looked on her
With the pride of a human worshipper,
That the Sultan might search the Orient land
From the Golden Horn to Samarcand,
And send his spies where the snows caress
The mountain tops of the white Cherkess,
And none could be found as fair as she
Who stood on the twilight porch with me.

I sometimes think when I pass away
In the hazy light of a summer day,
Borne on the wings of a seraph band
To the silvery light of the Summer Land,
That when in the midst of the spirits there,
Though their eyes be blue and their faces fair,
And the songs they sing be sweeter than
Young Mozart's song in the Vatican,
I should turn away to the realms below
Where your blue eyes beam and your sweet lips glow,
And sigh for the touch of the little hands
That cooled my brow like fairy fans,
Or stealthily crept along my sleeve,
In the dim twilight of a summer eve,
Till they lay just under my chin as white
As snow that gleams in an Arctic night!

I know I should long for the chair that stood
In the twilight-porch; and the womanhood
That made you come with your velvet feet,
And your fay-like words, soothing and sweet,
Your coaxing eyes, and the delicate arts
That men most love in their queen of hearts,
And fold your hands just under my chin
And ask my heart to let you in!

Yes, I know full well that the seraph band
On the beautiful plains of the Summer Land
Would miss me when I thought of you,
The snow-flake arms and the eyes of blue,
The sweet meek face and the human tricks,
Where Art and Nature so intermix
That none save Love could tell any one
Where the girl left off and the woman begun!

Ah! sweet, should I leave you here,
I would wander away from the spirit sphere
And be with you when the seraph band
Would want me up in the Summer Land!
That in spite of a sweeter world than this
I might barter its joy for a human kiss,
While the fairest spirits would gaze and grieve
As your hands stole stealthily up my sleeve,
Till folded and resting just under my chin,
You asked my heart to let you in.

Farmer Speedwell's Pudding.

Old John Speedwell was a well-to-do farmer, living in the Western part of Vermont.

His family consisted of his wife Phœbe, two sons, Amos and Jim, and two daughters, Reliance and Prudence, (which names were very appropriate, as the elder daughter was a model of reliance, and the other was prudence personified.)

The elder daughter, Reliance, was engaged to be married to a neighboring farmer, a young man whose mother had just died.

In those days there was no butcher to bring fresh meat every day, as at the present time; but people had to rely on their own resources for dinner; and, on the morning which opens our story, old farmer Speedwell had proposed to have some hasty pudding and milk for dinner; and, as his word was law, it was agreed upon.

After breakfast, Farmer Speedwell and his sons went to their haying, Dame Speedwell to her work, and the girls busied themselves about their domestic duties.

At the proper time Dame Speedwell made the pudding, taking care to salt it well, as she knew her husband liked a good deal of salt, hung it over the fire, and went up stairs to put the winter clothing in camphor.

It was only a few moments before Reliance came into the kitchen, when, seeing the pudding cooking, and knowing that her mother was apt to forget to salt it, she put in a handful of salt and stirred it well, so that her father would not have occasion to find fault.

Soon after, Prudence passed through the kitchen, and, reasoning the same as Reliance had, she also added a handful of salt, and went about her work again.

Before long, Amos entered to get a jug of molasses and water, and soon after, Jim, each of whom put in a handful more of salt, as they had no more faith in their mother's remembering it than Reliance or Prudence had.

Just before dinner, Farmer Speedwell returned from work, and when he saw the pudding cooking, said:

"That pudding smells all-fired good, but I'll bet a sixpence wife's forgot to salt it, as she always does. I used to depend upon Reliance, till she got her head chock full of that young man o' hern; but I can't reckon on her thinkin' on't now; and as to Prudence, she is so cautious she would not dare to salt it anyhow; so I guess I'll salt it myself," and, suiting the action to the word, he put in a handful and a half of salt, stirring it well in.

Twelve o'clock came, and they were all seated at the table, when Farmer Speedwell helped himself to a good share of the pudding, and took a mouthful; but no sooner had he tasted it than he leaped up, exclaiming:

"Who salted this 'ere puddin'?" then recollecting that he salted it himself, he left the room, saying: "I should think that thundering colt was trying to kick through the barn floor!"

The next who tried it was Amos, who leaped up also, and left "to see what that colt *was* doing!"

Then followed Reliance and Prudence and Jim, who, each and all, escaped on some pretence, leaving Dame Speedwell in amazement, to realise the truth of the old adage: "The proof of the pudding is in the eating."

Bismarck.

His dress, like his policy, is somewhat defiant and reckless. A contempt for appearance is shown even in his hat and necktie. "Something about him," says M. Bamberger, one of his keenest French critics, "reminds one of that mixture of insolence and good humor—the German student—with his bumptious, pugnacious, jovial, and yet, in the inmost recesses of his soul, somewhat sentimental nature." There is a good deal of crafty shrewdness and prompt dexterity in Count Bismarck's looks. A gleam of the sardonic and malign mars an apparent frankness. The features are strongly marked with good nature and with firmness. The pouches under his eyes tell of a stormy youth, and of the Teutonic potations for which the astute Minister was once renowned at students' feasts. That fair bald man with the bunchy moustache has the air of a nobleman and a courtier, but there are still in him traces of that temper that galls his opponents, and which, in 1849, led the Count to challenge the editor of the Kladeradatsch (the Berlin Punch,) a paper to which he was afterwards supposed to contribute skits on the Austrian diplomats. Count Bismarck is no orator, but he rules his audience by the vigor of his thoughts. One of his admirers described him, in 1866, as having a clear and audible, but a dry, unsympathetic, and monotonous voice. He stops frequently, and interrupts himself, sometimes even he stutters in his struggles for words to match his thoughts. His attitudes and gestures are awkward and uneasy. But as he warms he conquers one by one all these defects, attains greater lucidity and precision, and often rises to a well-delivered, vigorous—sometimes too vigorous peroration. Latterly, power and success have given him confidence; his words still come fitfully and reluctantly, but there is a certain charm to the listener, in, as it were, seeing the forging of the speaker's thoughts; his slowness and earnestness give a greater weight to his speeches than rapid fluency could secure.

"Sometimes," says M. Bamberger, "he presents his subject in sharp, happy touches, pressing into his service similies from real life with wonderful audacity, and in a cool, unprejudiced kind of way, overthrowing tenderly revered traditions by reference to stern realities. It should be added that his style, although very quiet, is not deficient in imagery. His bright and clear intellect does not despise coloring any more than his strong constitution is free from nervous irritability." He talks like an ancient Roman, with infinite vigor and nerve, and with epigrammatic picturesqueness. What could be more terrible, yet strong, than his avowed resolve to "let Paris stew in her own gravy?" How cleverly he retorted on Jules Favre, who had called Strasbourg "the key of the house," with the question, "Which house?" What could be more delicious than the quiet irony with which he described his conversation with the same gentleman? "We began by reviewing the characteristics of past ages." Here, for once, is a German bitterly practical.—*Dickens's All the Year Round.*

☞ Saloon Fixtures—Fashionable sons.

☞ Cold snaps this winter have begun on Sundays.

AGRICULTURAL.

Farm Accounts.

The beginning of the year suggests recommending to farmers the taking an inventory of their estates, embracing their real estate, stock, tools, hay, grain, cash notes, bonds, etc., and also some systematic mode of keeping their accounts. This is comparatively a season of leisure with farmers, and such an inventory will not occupy much time. If the days are so much crowded with other pursuits that leisure cannot be found for writing and figuring, surely the long winter evenings cannot be better occupied than in ascertaining how we stand with the world, whether the new year finds us in an improved or deteriorated condition. If we are making progress, we shall be glad to know it, and shall go forward with all the more courage; if we are falling behind, we certainly ought to know it, that we may reform our plans and change our course before we get hopelessly involved.

If we should be asked what is the great hindrance to the advancement of ordinary farmers, we should reply, the want of some systematic plan in their labors, especially the want of some systematic mode of keeping their farm accounts. If we ask them the cost of raising 100 bushels of corn, or making 100 lbs. of pork, not one in a thousand can give an answer based on actual figures. They *guess* a bushel of corn costs so much, but their guessing is often wide of the truth. The great majority of farmers cannot tell the net income of their farms, and hardly know whether they are progressing, standing still, or retrograding. If a merchant or a manufacturer should conduct his business in this shiftless way, we should expect him to fail, and the reason that farmers do not more frequently fail is that their business is comparatively limited. They live mainly within themselves. The farm supports the family, and the family take care of the farm. They would find their interest in farming as well as their skill and profits greatly to increase if they would adopt some mode of ascertaining how much this and that crop costs, and cultivate such crops and rear such animals as are found by actual calculation to pay the best. How are we to decide what branches of farming are the most profitable unless the figures of the farm account show us? Shall we guess whether it is better to make butter or cheese, or sell our milk; or shall we know definitely about these points? The question is sometimes mooted whether eastern farmers had better raise their own corn or buy it of their Illinois neighbors. How can this question be decided, unless we know how much it costs to raise a bushel of corn?

Whoever makes accurate experiments and keeps accurate accounts, not only benefits himself but the public. We know there are many circumstances to be considered in estimating the cost of raising crops and feeding stock; and with the greatest accuracy of observation, the results of farm experiments are often only approximations to the truth, but whoever labors even for these approximations is a public benefactor. The general principles of practical agriculture can never be established till we have more of these accurate experiments on which to base them.

As we hear the discussions of farmers at their club meetings and in their boards of agriculture, we are struck with the different conclusions to which different persons come, because of their limited observation and their hap-hazard mode of jumping at results without knowing the figures. It is a great pleasure to listen to a farmer, when we know him to be a close observer and to keep a record of what he does. His ounce of facts is worth a pound of opinions from another man who keeps no such record. His farm almost invariably shows that it is fertilized with brains.

Many seem to suppose that it is a great burden to write down in the evening the results of the day. They can handle a crowbar or a plough for ten hours, but ten minutes' work with a pen is an Herculean labor. This is a mere imaginary lion in the way of keeping accounts. It only wants resolution to undertake the work, and a little practice will make it easy. Possibly the task may be devolved on some young member of the family, whose fingers are not unused to the pen or stiffened by hard work. A general farm account should be kept, in which the farm is charged with all its expenses and credited with all its receipts. Besides this general farm account, a more minute record should be kept of each crop, charging with all the labor, manure, seed, &c., bestowed upon it, and crediting it with all the returns, whether sold or used in the family. Such a book will prove a treasure of wisdom to every farmer who keeps it.

When we can see farmers generally keeping accurate farm accounts, we shall expect to see an age of advanced agriculture. Facts are stubborn things, and figures do not lie, and in these farm records we shall find the facts and figures on which the science of agriculture may be built securely.—*Country Gentleman.*

How to Load a Wagon.

Some three or four weeks ago the question was asked whether a wagon should be loaded heavier on the hind than on the front wheels. I propose a scientific elucidation of the subject, which will prove that the load should be heavier on the hind wheels, in the proportion of their diameter to the diameter of the front wheels.

A wheel is a lever, whose long arm, theoretically, is the distance from the ground to the centre of the axle; the short arm is a pivot; but, practically, it is impossible to construct a lever of such proportions.—Hence, in calculating the advantage of the lever, a wheel or a lever, allowance must be made for the size of the axle, and for friction dependent on size, other things being equal. Without going into too elaborate a discussion, it will be sufficient to say in general terms that the power gained by a wagon wheel is in proportion to its semi-diameter, and hence that the load on a wagon should be placed proportionately to the diameters of the front and hind wheels.

Suppose the front wheels are four feet, and the hind wheels five feet in diameter—then five-ninths of the load should rest on the hind wheels and four-ninths on the front wheels.—*Cor Rural New Yorker.*

Items.

—English gardeners have successfully used strips of India rubber in the place of grafting wax, being neater, more perfect, and not soiling the fingers.

—Mr. Witmore, of Spring, Crawford county, Pa., has a cow that has given the past year 11,825¼ pounds of milk, an average of 32½ pounds per day during the entire time, and all this without any extra care. Such a cow is a very extraordinary milker. The breed is not given.

—A correspondent of the Southern Farmer says, that having tried many remedies for the destruction of vermin on fowls, he finds nothing so effective as a small piece of lard rubbed on the back and under each wing. He has cured hens in one day that were unable to stand up on account of the ravages of lice.

—If your colts are hard to get into the barn, after their daily exercise, let them find a few oats in their manger after coming in, and *that* trouble is over.

—The Southern states furnished their quota of pea-nuts last season as follows:—Virginia, 400,000 bushels; Tennessee, 200,000 bushels, and Georgia and the Carolinas, from 153,000 to 2,000,000 bushels.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of 22 letters.

My 1, 21, 10, is an insect.
My 3, 13, 9, 16, 1, 14, is a county in Louisiana.
My 16, 17, 20, 19, is a part of the body.
My 15, 10, 7, 22, 9, 2, is a town in Arkansas.
My 18, 13, 1, 5, is very useful.
My 14, 12, 11, 5, 7, is a county in Mississippi.
My 6, 15, 21, 13, is used by aged people.
My 2, 22, 8, 19, 18, is a river in France.
My 16, 4, 9, 17, is a scene in summer time.
My whole is an old proverb. MINNIE.

Double Rebus.

The daughter of Tantalus, whose children were slain by Apollo and Diana.
A city in France.
The soft part of fruit.
A fruit which grows in warm climates.
The heroine of a well-known nursery tale.
A French word signifying weariness.
A nickname of General Israel Putnam.
A town in Asia.
A character in Macbeth.
A god in Scandinavian mythology.
A well-known seaside resort.
A famous vessel of Grecian tradition.
A celebrated Grecian princess.
A city in Denmark.
A celebrated Highland freebooter.
A character in Dickens's "Bleak House."
A mountain in Massachusetts.

My initials form the name of a celebrated commander, and my finals one of his military expeditions. ALEXIS.

Anagrams.

Wmdoaon brfecar hty ktorse!
Ton ont ati hrets-dbonn siet;
He, praes hta gdae koa,
Woa wtoergnl ot hte keel!
RUDOLPH.

Average Problem.

Determine the average area of all the circles that can be drawn in a triangle whose sides are 26, 28, and 30 feet.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.
McKean, Erie Co., Pa.

Conundrums.

☞ Why do sailors always have fresh eggs at sea? Ans.—Because the captain can lay to (two) as often as he pleases.

☞ What are those things which, though they appear twice in every day, and twice in every week, yet are only seen twice in a year? Ans.—Vowels.

☞ Why is a cab horse the most miserable of all created beings? Ans.—Because his thoughts are ever on the rack, and his greatest joy is wo-e.

☞ Why do monkeys in small menageries-cages die so soon? Ans.—Because they have been used to better climbs (climes).

☞ When are soldiers like writers for the press? Ans.—When they charge by the column.

☞ ZOOLOGICAL.—Which animal is a good boatman? The roe-buck. Which is often elected to office? The mare. Which makes a good light? The tapir. Which is most used by cooks? The spider.

Answers to Last.

SHAKSPEAREAN ENIGMA—Things without remedy should be without regard. RIDDLE—Stripe, strip, trip, tripe, ripe, rip, I. REBUS—David Copperfield, (Dido, Ariel, Venice, Innisfail, Demeter, Cinderella, Oberon, Paris, Peter the Great, Elaine, Robin Hood, Forty Thieves, India, Excalibar, Lochinvar, Don Quixote.)

RECEIPTS.

CRACKER MINCE PIES.—Roll three crackers and soak them in one-half cup sugar filled with water, add three spoonfuls of boiled cider (or two of good vinegar,) one-half cup of molasses, salt, pepper, spice, and raisins as for mince pie.

POTATO FRITTERS.—Take five or six large, mealy potatoes (peachblows are best) and slice them lengthwise, about one-fifth of an inch in thickness, throwing the slices into cold water as they are cut. Have ready a deep griddle on the fire in which some lard or nice drippings have been melted; lay the slices in separately, and sprinkle them with salt. Fry them to a nice brown on one side, then turn and brown the other. Try them with a fork, and as soon as one piece is thoroughly done dip it in batter and return it to the griddle. By the time the last piece is dipped the first will need turning. As soon as the fritters are browned on both sides, lay them on a heated dish and put more on the griddle. They need constant attention to keep them from becoming too crisp or burned. Half a teacupful of sweet milk, one egg, a little salt, and flour enough to make it of the consistency of pound-cake, is a good recipe for the batter. Apples sliced and cooked in the same manner, and eaten with sugar, make a good dessert.

HOW TO COOK OLD FOWLS.—For the possible benefit to some other young housekeepers, I wish to tell them how to cook an old chicken. Prepare as for roasting, then boil three hours in a covered pot, with one quart of water, to which add two tablespoonsful of vinegar; after which put into a pan in a hot oven for about one hour to brown. The liquor in the pot to be prepared for gravy; should the water boil away too much, more should be added. The result is, the meat is as tender as young chicken, and some think richer and better.—*Ohio Farmer.*

LIQUID SAUCE.—1 cup of sugar and ½ cup of butter, rubbed to a cream. Then stir in the well-beaten white of 1 egg. Flavor with nutmeg or lemon. Just before bringing to the table add ½ cup of boiling water.